Calling All GIRLS

Largest Circulation Magazine For Girls .. more than ½ million

MAY 1945

COMICS • FASHIONS • THINGS TO DO • GOOD LOOKS • MOVIES • STORIES

I'm looking for your DURA-GLOSS nail polish says Cupid

Want extra beauty and daintiness at your fingertips? . . . Dura-Gloss is the answer . . . a nail polish that brings out the hidden sparkle and loveliness of every woman's nails. Goes on so s-m-o-o-t-h-l-y . . . Dries so fast and completely . . . Stays on and on and on. Smart women, everywhere, keep Dura-Gloss always "on hand." . . . 10¢, plus tax, at your favorite cosmetic counter.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD BUY WAR BONDS

Cuticle Remover Polish Remover Dura-Coat

LORR LABORATORIES, PATERSON, N. J. • FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS

Don't fence us in!
Drape-shape bra co-stars with "Pedal-Pushers" that flaunt "Dutch-treat" pockets. Set complete, ABOUT $8.
And here's your "Short Change" side buttoner, with whistle-worthy pleats. Set complete, ABOUT $8.
Made in SASSY CHECKS, a fine woven, cool-as-a-coke cotton by ST. GEORGE TEXTILE CORPORATION.
For sizes 9 to 15. In Black and White Checks, Brown and White Checks, Navy Blue and White Checks.
Brockton JUNIOR CLASSICS
TRADE MARK
FOR THE STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE
BROCKTON JUNIOR CLASSICS
NEW YORK SHOWROOM: 1350 BROADWAY
BOSTON SHOWROOM: 115 CHAUNCY STREET

Powers model

tells how, with a southern accent!

A Southern belle! This Powers model, Betty Anderson, hails from Georgia. Pretty as a cameo. Lithe and lovely. Her advice on beauty is worth taking: "Hot-house roses went out with bustles and smelling salts. These days a girl can't get away with looking dreamy but feeling droopy. She has to be on the beam—alert, alive. Sparkle in her eyes—shine in her hair."

Betty's recipe? A model life, such as models have to live. Meaning? Eight hours' sleep every night. An active interest in sports—Betty swims, plays golf and tennis.

Diet? Says Betty, "I get three square meals a day. That means breakfast, too. Seven mornings a week I sit down to a nourishing breakfast, usually including a big bowl of Wheaties, with plenty of milk and fruit. I never tire of these whole wheat flakes. They've got flavor—Wheaties have. They're light, crisp, tasty. Yet nourishing."

As for you—remember, Wheaties are fun to eat. And provide whole grain food values. So include Wheaties in *your* model life.

Special! Pictures of Glamorous Powers Models—set of three, including Betty Anderson. Each picture 5 by 7 inches, suitable for framing. Today, send one Wheaties box top and only 5c (to cover handling costs) to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 63, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

INCLUDE WHEATIES IN YOUR MODEL LIFE!

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of
General Mills, Inc.

CALLING ALL GIRLS, May, 1945, Vol. 5, No. 39. Published monthly by Calling All Girls, Inc., a subsidiary of the publishers of Parents' Magazine. Publication Office: 4600 Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Ill. Executive and Editorial offices: 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. $1.00 a year. In Canada, $1.20. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright 1945 by Calling All Girls, Inc. Title registered U. S. Patent Office. Canadian copies entered as second-class mail at Toronto, Canada. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 27, 1942, at the Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. All manuscripts, etc., must be accompanied by return postage and are submitted at the risk of the sender.

The Whole Town Talked

Lili and George hadn't foreseen that gossip over their boat ride would raise such waves of feeling

By GERTRUDE CRAMPTON

AS you might expect in a town no bigger than Elmwood, by Monday the news had swept the village like fire in a pile of fall leaves. Lili Stephens and George Munk had not got home from the Saturday moonlight sail until daylight! Lili and George had been caught in a gambling raid! Police, waiting at the dock for the *Moonglow* to make fast, had taken Lili and George to the station! Yes, it was all over Elmwood, and it was all over school. Girls clustered in the halls and whispered. Boys poked one another in the ribs when George went by, and guffawed. Even the teachers had queer, remote looks. And through it all drifted Lili, white-faced, miserable, not knowing what to make of the whispers, the laughter.

"Nothing would ever have happened," Nell Piquot told Lili fiercely, "if it hadn't been for Celia Jordan and her busybody mother. That woman! Every kid in this school knows stuff can happen to keep you out when it isn't your fault. Nobody would have thought a thing about it if Mrs. Jordan hadn't made something of it to her darling Celia."

"And if Celia hadn't blabbed to the rest of the school," added Phil Donner, coming up behind the girls in time to catch the tag end of Nell's tirade. "What a mess! George has already slugged three guys, and Mr. Nelson told him if he caught him hitting another fellow, he'd have to take 'disciplinary measures.' Disciplinary measures, my foot! What we need around here is fewer people like Mrs. Jordan. Parents certainly can upset a happy life, especially somebody else's parents."

Phil wandered away wondering how many others George would have to punch, and pondering a world that could be knocked to pieces by the Mrs. Jordans in it.

All Mondays at school, according to Nell, were grim, but this was the longest, most rugged Monday she ever hoped to live through. She had no notion of what was discussed or what was assigned. And as the minutes ticked by and she realized more and more what Lili must be suffering, a blind rage grew. It wasn't fair. It wasn't right. Anybody with an ounce of sense would know that Lili and George couldn't be really mixed up in a scandal. Suppose they hadn't got home until daylight. It wasn't any fault of theirs.

The last class was finally over, and Nell and Lili went over to Morgan's for their usual

"I'm busy tonight," Nell answered loudly. "I have a date with my friend Lili." She marched back to a secluded booth, dragging Lili with her.

Coke. They pushed open the heavy door just in time to hear Celia Jordan saying primly, "Mother says it's always the girl who's at fault in situations like this, and we mustn't blame George. He's really a splendid boy, and the sooner he learns to leave the lower types alone, the better off he'll . . .

"Oh Nell, I didn't see you come in." Lili might as well have been a small speck of dust, for Celia didn't seem to see her. "By the way, Nell, Mother thinks we'd better call a special meeting of the club tonight, over at our house. You know, to clean up our membership list. It's high time we did."

Suddenly Nell knew exactly why George was going around punching people. "I'm busy tonight," she answered. "I have a date with my friend Lili." She marched back to a secluded booth, dragging Lili with her.

"They're going to throw me out of the club, Nell." Lili's voice was low. "I just can't stand it. I just can't." And the tears began to flow down Lili's white, pinched face. "We didn't do anything wrong. Honestly, it wasn't our fault."

"Of course it wasn't!" Nell stamped her foot. "That Celia! She's always been peeved because you and George have gone around together since you both got out of three-cornered pants."

"I wish Mother and Dad were home!" wailed Lili. "Golly, I wish they were home. Mother went along with Dad on his business trip because she thought I was a big girl now and I'd be all right with Martha, who's just like an aunt or something instead of our housekeeper. And now look! They hardly get out of the house when I fall into this smear."

"Well, it's a smear, all right," agreed George, as he and Phil slid into the booth with the two girls. "But I can't see that it's your fault, or mine either."

"Mrs. Jordan is doing a swell job," offered Phil. "She called up Mr. Nelson and demanded an investigation of the morals of the high school. Mr. Nelson tamed her down, but I heard him tell his secretary that if it kept up, he probably would have to start something."

Lili just sat there, her eyes wide with fear. "George," she said at last, "maybe they'll expel us."

"Now, Lili," George murmured, and Phil took Nell by the hand and quietly led her out of Morgan's.

"Time for us to get out of the way, puss," he explained. "You go along home now. I've got to see a fella about a punch in the snoot."

At home, Nell slammed her biology notebook on the hall table and reluctantly started for the kitchen. She could just imagine what Mother would say. "No daughter of mine is going to associate with a girl who's been picked up by the police." And Dad! He'd play the heavy-handed father. "I don't know what this generation is coming to."

Outside the swinging kitchen door, Nell gritted her teeth before she swept into the cheerful red-and-white room.

"Hi, toots!" Dad greeted her —his idea of being fearfully modern.

"Hello, kitten," Mother looked up from a job with cream sauce and peas and shrimp. "I didn't beat you in by more than ten minutes. I got stuck at the Red Cross this afternoon. So it will be shrimp wiggle tonight."

"Plus this magnificent salad your old man is concocting," added Dad complacently. "Your mother tells me Mrs. Jordan came to Red Cross this afternoon. There's a woman for you. I swear her tongue's jointed in the middle. As a matter of fact, Nell, we're lucky your mother got home before midnight." Dad sniffed his salad bowl critically and added a little vinegar.

"Set the table, will you, dear?" Mother suggested. "In the breakfast nook."

Nell got out the knives and forks. "I suppose she had all the dirt about Lili Stephens and George Munk," she said.

(*Continued on page* 64)

There was silence in the gay kitchen. Mother and Dad stood there motionless as statues.

ALL-AMERICAN Water Baby

Only fourteen, and youngest of the champions, Florence Schmitt holds national swimming honors

By RUTH BERMAN

She feels like a fish in the water, says Florence. And she swims like one, too!

USED to be, if you could swim like everything, you set your sights for the Olympic Games, as did other top-notch athletes from all over the world. When the war made the Olympics a thing of pleasant memory, you had to shorten your sights a bit, but you kept them high—on being chosen a member of the national team. And lucky, lucky you if you came anywhere near that goal!

Being selected for the national team is an honor that doesn't come to many, even among the star athletes. But for two years this prize plum has fallen to fourteen-year-old Florence Schmitt, a remarkable swimmer and the youngest of thirteen aquatic stars on the Women's All-America Swimming Team for 1944 and 1945.

We went to see Florence at her club, the Women's Swimming Association of New York City. She's a typical down-to-earth American high school girl with lots of friendly charm and a sparkling sense of humor. When we asked her to tell us the secret of her swimming success, she flashed a wide grin and her brown eyes twinkled.

"Well, I don't have fins or anything," she laughed, the way you might if someone marveled at how well you walked. "I've just always liked to swim, and I can't remember a time when I didn't feel like a fish in the water."

It all began with Florence's father, who used to coach swimming at a Y camp, and who taught his small daughter the ABC's of the mermaid manual when she was no more than knee high to a minnow. Ever since then, she's been splashing around Long Island Sound, sprinting up and down pools, and copping trophies all over the place. At seven, she went in to New York to join the Women's Swimming Association. At eight, she entered the first race of her life at Wildwood State Park, where she smashed through to second place. At twelve, already a veteran of sub-junior tournaments and exhibitions, she was old enough to take a crack at the national championships.

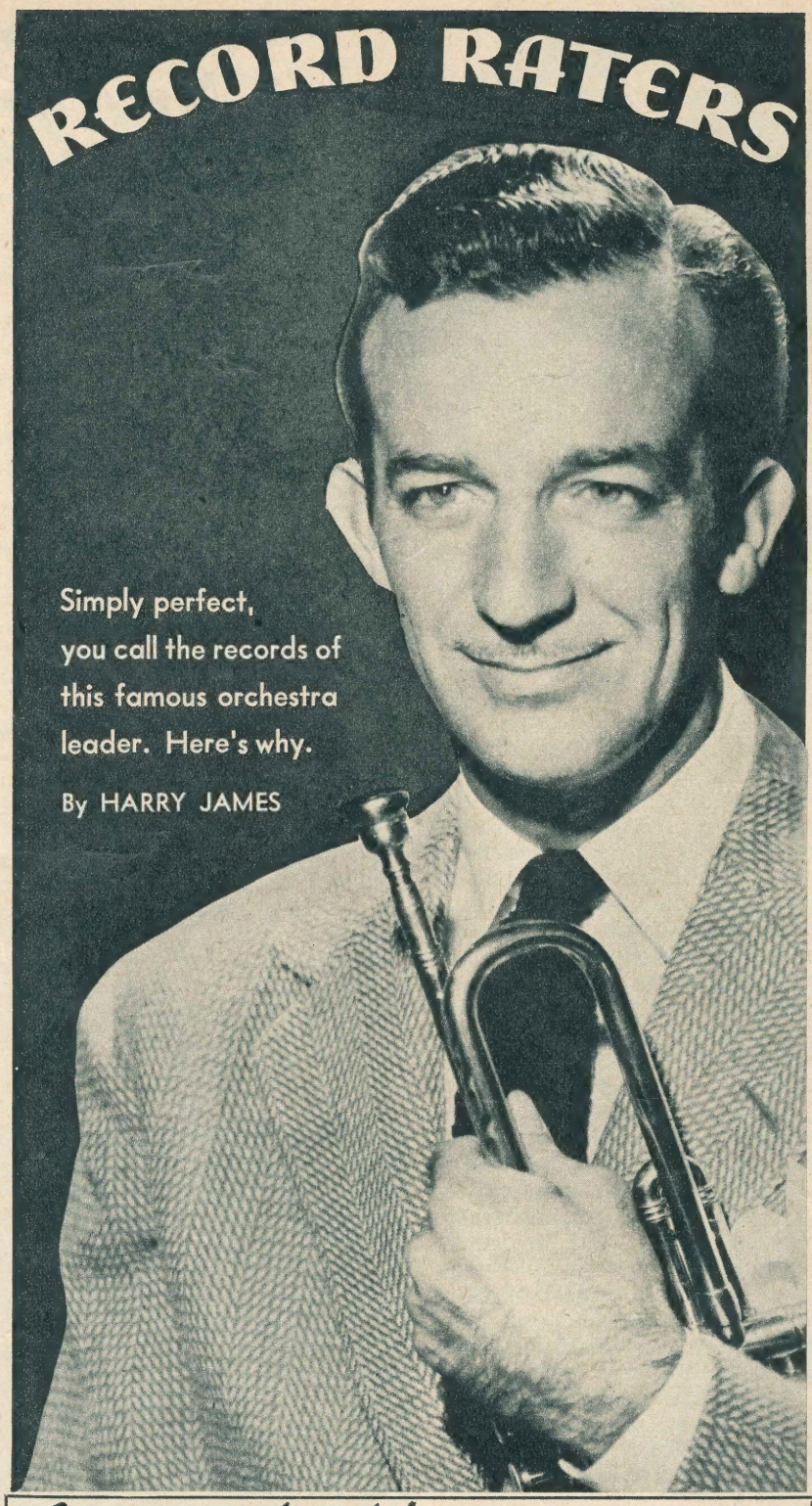
You'd expect that the tension of big-time competition—the idea of matching her skill, stroke for stroke, against the most powerful and experienced swimmers from Maine to California—would rattle a twelve-year-old fresh from Port Washington, New York. Not Florence. She merely tucked her long brown hair under her cap, calmly took her place at the starting line, and plunged into the fray.

"When I'm in the water," she

(*Continued on page* 55)

Half a dozen top-ranking aquatic stars, Florence among them, shine in the water at an Oakland, Calif., swimming meet.

RECORD RATERS



Simply perfect, you call the records of this famous orchestra leader. Here's why.

By HARRY JAMES

DO you get fun and excitement out of listening to new records? Of course! But the fun and the thrill of *making* those new records is the phase of the music business that I enjoy most. Yes, record making is real fun even though it is very hard work, too. For one thing, record making is the one activity of the band that's a very informal procedure; we all work in our shirt sleeves, and I usually prop myself up on a high stool where I am completely at ease. Still more fun is the chance to do excellent work. We have always tried for perfection in our music, and I believe that our recordings are the closest that we ever come to it.

Conditions, of course, are ideal. We usually work in a broadcasting studio where the acoustics are perfect, and where we have space enough to assure the proper balance. Even then, however, we have to work extra hard to get the results we are looking for. When the recording ban went off, we worked for five nights making four sides, and when it was all over I still wasn't satisfied, and we started all over again. Yet when it *is* all over, it's fun to sit back and say, "Well, fellows, we did a good job. Let's go home and get some sleep!"

We hope you like the five new records we have made recently. They are "I'm Beginning to See the Light," "The Love I Long For," "Confessin'," "When Your Lover Has Gone," "Hang My Tears Out to Dry," "I Don't Care Who Knows It," "I Wish I Knew," "The More I See You," "All of My Life," and "11:60 P.M." I am sure you will enjoy the vocals by Kitty Kallen and Buddy de Vito.

As for my personal taste in records, my favorite is André Kostelanetz. I have practically all the records he has ever made, and one thing has always particularly impressed me about them—the sound of his violins. They are so rich, so open—they're as fine as you'll find on any present-day record. [Editor's note: We think Harry James' trumpet is good, too.]

On your mark, girls! Famous recording artists will write often for this department and soon you will be our Record Raters, with a chance to vote locally on your favorite recordings. Watch your Official Headquarters Store and CALLING ALL GIRLS for details.

Meanwhile, do you like the idea as well as we do? Write and tell us what you think of it, and which artists are tops with you. Address Record Raters Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

DOUBLE TREASURE

At the cave entrance, Mei-mei and Go-go listened breathlessly to the sober words of the guerrilla chief.

Mei-mei and her twin brother Go-go proved to be a treasure of great value indeed when their country needed them most

By EVA RAW BAIRD

THE Tong twins stood outside the ninth cave of the guerrilla camp. Go-go had swung to the ground his pole with its balancing load of sacks of grain and was removing from Mei-mei's slender shoulders a shorter pole with a basket of vegetables on each end.

"Listen!" Mei-mei's expectant eyes sparkled, and Go-go became still in response to his sister's imperative gesture.

Within the cave a council was in progress. The twins saw their father, Farmer Tong, to whom they were bringing supplies. The camp was accustomed to the comings and goings of these young people who, like all twins, were called the Double Treasure. Their individual names were Go-go, or Older Brother (for the boy was a few minutes older than the girl), and Mei-mei, or Younger Sister. Mei-mei was small and elusive, while her brother was solid and dependable, truly a treasure of a son and brother.

As they listened, Go-go moved the vegetables into the shade. To have interrupted would have been rude. They were in plain sight of the speakers, but since there was not a man, woman, or child in the district who could not have been trusted with military secrets, the council continued.

"We can ill spare a man." The guerrilla chief spoke

Mei-mei sent the colored balls flying through the sunlight. Her twinkling feet kept time to her song.

soberly. The others nodded.

"To be killed—no," agreed Gentleman Genn.

"The twins would be safe." At this word from a young lieutenant, Mei-mei's eyes changed from expectancy to wonder. Mei-mei's big eyes, set in her small, elfin face, were always expressive. A straight, short bob framed her small features as though trying to hold their merriment within limits. Mei-mei was always just ready to spill over, but her brother's glance of understanding would hold her in check.

The Nine Caves Camp was within a few li of a Japanese stronghold in Anhwei Province. The guerrilla soldiers were farmers from nearby whose families managed to smuggle them food and clothing.

It was to Farmer Tong that the guerrilla chief now turned. The twins listened breathlessly as the chief spoke. They seemed to be under consideration for some important mission, for no other twins but themselves came to the camp. Placid Go-go reached out to squeeze Mei-mei's arm.

"Think you," asked the chief, "that your offspring could do this task? And would you and they be willing to risk their lives?"

"Are we not all Chinese?" In a word Farmer Tong disposed of the last question first. He took longer to consider the other one.

"What we do, we do," he added. "But both for my unworthy self and for my worthless offspring, I should like a clearer understanding of just what it is that we are asked to do, and how it is to be done."

It was Gentleman Genn who answered. It was by accident that Gentleman Genn had found himself one of this guerrilla band. He was not a farmer,

Mei-mei whispered, "But we are Chinese!" Go-go could not have acted differently.

but a technician from West China, who had been caught in Shanghai when the Japanese, the Eastern Ocean enemy, let loose their hellions on the Yangtze Valley. He was a man of wide knowledge and scientific training. He alone of this group understood the significance of the document that had fallen into his hands. Now he turned to give the necessary explanation to Farmer Tong.

"It is the second wonder drug," he said. "We all know of that marvelous first one, and the miracles it has wrought. When the Burma Road was ›sed, our workers hoped to be able to manufacture that first wonder drug which the Westerners call sulfa. But they were not able to set up the necessary coal-tar industry, and so nothing came of their hopes.

"Now a second wonder drug has been discovered. The Americans call it penicillin. Again we inquired from our American consultants whether or not the drug could be made in China. I hold in my hand the directions that came from America for the manufacture of the second wonder drug. I myself know that the workers in West China have all that is needed to carry out these directions. The first wonder drug could not be made in China, the second one can be, if we can get these directions through to West China."

"And you would trust them to my children?" Farmer Tong put into words the doubt others may have felt. "On the cleverness of two youngsters hang thousands of human lives? Of risk to my offspring I speak not, but surely some surer way of delivering these papers may be found. Think what an abundance of this second wonder drug will mean to our army. There must be no risk."

Mei-mei could contain herself no longer. Go-go, who was always the one to take responsibility, had followed the speaker more closely than she had. But it was Mei-mei who spoke.

"We can do it, we can do it!" she cried.

There is no young person in China who does not long to serve his country. The chance had come to the Tong twins. Go-go stepped forward to stand beside his sister. Everyone turned now to look at them and old man Meng exclaimed, "Ai-ya! The children! They too mean Victory!" Mei-mei's eyes were like stars.

Gentleman Genn had ceased speaking. The decision as to ways and means did not rest with him. The guerrilla chief sought the opinion of his comrades. For the most part they favored the plan of sending the Double Treasure on this errand. Risk was commonplace, and it did seem likely that children might attract less attention than adults and be able to escape capture. If not—the chief turned to Go-go for the answer to that.

The boy's answer was the same as his father's had been. "Are we not all Chinese?"

"And what will you do?" the chief asked Mei-Mei.

She answered demurely, "I can always disappear." And before their startled eyes she did that very thing. Where the Double Treasure had been standing at the cave entrance for some ten minutes, now Go-go stood alone. Where was his sister?

It was her father who reached up into an improvised loft of the cave where food reserves

(*Continued on page* 49)

Here are some ideas for filling the wide open spaces in your summer schedule with fun and lasting satisfaction

By BERYL WILLIAMS
Author of "Fashion Is Our Business"

SUMMER is icumen in," remarked that popular old poet, Anonymous, somewhere along in the thirteenth century. And, he added, "Lhude sing cuccu."

And lhude—or loud, if you want to be stuffy about it—sing you, too. In certain respects, you feel, even Christmas pales in comparison with that lovely festival known as The Last Day of School. Because Christmas is followed merely by the 26th of December, whereas The Last Day of School is followed by The First Day of Vacation, and all its other wonderful days.

At least from where you stand now they all look wonderful. And you'd be above average indeed if you recalled the fact that last year some of the days toward the end of July, and a good many of them in August, weren't really so super, after all—that they were, in fact, wrapped in a sort of heavy boredom in the midst of which you stood, muttering under your breath, "I wish there were something to *do*."

Did I say you'd be above average if you thought so far ahead? But you are above average, aren't you? Of course you are. So let's do a little thinking about the summer that will soon be icumen in, and maybe this year all its days will match the first exciting few.

I'm not trying to suggest anything so deadly as a schedule: June 15, go swimming; June 16, take hike. No, nothing like

You can take a long hike to some pleasant, shady spot.

that. But it wouldn't hurt to jot down mentally or on paper a few of the things you'd like to get around to. It will be easier to think of them now, while you're still full of pre-hot-weather energy; and then, when the dog days are upon you, you won't have to stand around saying, "I wish there were something to do." You'll know there is.

Suppose, just for fun, you separate the possibilities into groups. And how about these for a start?

1. Things to do for You
   a. The Physical You
   b. The Mental You
   c. The Social You
2. Things to do for The Family
3. Things to do for The House
4. Things to do for The Community

Sound formidable? They're not, really.

For example, You—The Physical You. Perhaps you're an out-and-out cover girl this minute, and of course if you are you've probably already devised a sort of program that keeps you that way. But suppose you're not. Well, then, why not utilize the leisure and the sun of summer to bring you a little nearer perfection's goal?

What's wrong with you? Too much weight or too little? Bad skin? Hair dull or stringy? Awkward posture? None of them are insurmountable difficulties, except in rare cases.

In my opinion it's not only two heads that are better than one. I think two resolutions are, too. So why not get together with your best friend, or with three or four of your friends, and make up your respective minds what beauty problems each of you will tackle? Friends are useful as advisers, first, on what needs tackling; and later on, when you hit a lazy streak, they will help you remember your resolve. And how about using that swimming party or sun-bathing get-together for a check-up on one another? Your Smoothies Club—or whatever—can turn into a real builder-upper instead of a tearer-downer, with lots of fun. Then you can adjourn your meetings with hope instead of tears!

So: decide what you're going to improve, and how you're going to improve it. If it's anything drastic, consult your mother, the school nurse, your doctor. And then, spurred on by your friends and spurring them on, stick to your regime.

And what about The Mental You? That's another thing you can have fun with as a group project. You'll want to let each other in on the exciting reading you've been doing on your own. And while you're getting some sun together in somebody's back yard or taking it easy in the shade on somebody's front porch, you might read aloud one of the new books you've all heard about. Have you ever tried reading plays aloud, in a group, each one taking a part—or several parts? You're likely to find yourself with an amateur play-production unit before you know it.

You might start a diary—fun to have now and later, and always a help to clear expression. Or you might try expressing yourself in some other way, such as modeling in clay or sketching, or any of the other art forms you've always thought you'd like to attempt. Buy your paints or clay or whatever before school closes, and set them up in a handy place where you can spend some time with them every day without all the bother of get-

Your friends will spur you on when your figure shows the sodas you've had.

You may want to express your personality in paint or in slip covers.

ting them out of the closet or the bottom bureau drawer every time you feel the creative urge.

And The Social You. Well, that's easy, isn't it? If there's a teen town in your neighborhood, use it more than ever. If there's danger of its closing when school closes, get busy with your gang and with sympathetic adults to see what can be done about keeping it open all summer. If your community doesn't boast a teen town, what better time than summer to get together and plan one?

Nobody has to remind you that picnics are fun, even when they're simple. Or, in my opinion, especially when they're simple. Gas rationing has cut down the use of a car, and perhaps your gang isn't well supplied with bikes. But you can always hike to some pleasant spot in the country or ride the city transport lines to a shady park—preferably near water, of course. When you're not feeling that ambitious, a backyard picnic is a pretty satisfactory substitute. Get each member of your crowd—or each family in the neighborhood, if it's to be a family affair—to bring one item of the menu; that way it's less work and more variety for everybody. But plan that menu ahead of time, so you don't wind up with two platters of deviled eggs and four bowls of cole slaw, and nothing else. (Incidentally, the summer is a swell time for developing a few cooking specialties exclusively yours—the sort of things that earn a reputation for a girl.)

And did you ever try a Salmagundi Supper? Specially recommended to liven up a long wet week, such a supper consists of a series of courses served at a series of houses. You invite folks to your house for the fruit cup, say, and then you all move on to somebody else's house for the soup, and move again for a big pot of spaghetti,

Fine for the garden—and for your figure too!

or some other coupon-saving dish. Plan plenty of food, because the traveling works up appetites. And arrange things so that the dessert is served in the biggest house, with room for dancing or games after your marathon meal.

Of course there are half a million other things you'll think of yourself, but let's skip on to our next group: The Family.

Here you'll have to advise yourself pretty much, since I can't know if you're an only child or one of ten. But maybe, for example, you could take complete charge of Junior at certain hours of the day, freeing your mother for summer fun of her own. Sort of a share-the-vacation idea. Or you might offer to shop for and prepare all the meals one or two days a week, or all the breakfasts, or all the lunches. Whatever activity you decide you want to undertake in this respect, however, ought to be done on a more or less regular plan, so that you and your mother can both arrange your time accordingly.

Or you might tutor your young sister an hour a day, if she's been having trouble with arithmetic or history. Or you might see if there isn't some task of your father's you could take over for a few months—addressing envelopes for his under-staffed office, or cutting the grass, or working in the garden, or doing part of the family carpentry.

But that doesn't sound like *fun,* I can hear you say. Well, you might be surprised. Maybe you just never tried putting up a shelf before. Anyway, there are a lot of different kinds of fun in the world, and the glow that comes from Being Helpful is one of them.

And now we come to The House. Ten to one, Mother hasn't been buying any new furniture lately, and there are

(*Continued on page 59*)

Getting in the scrap is still as vital as ever.

Mystery of the LOST VILLAGE

On the alert—but not alert enough—Rusty found her plans for keeping the Ark safe had a surprise twist

By ANNETTE TURNGREN

Author of "Mystery Rides the River"

THE STORY UP TO NOW

An accidentally overheard telephone conversation in a small Arizona town gave RUSTY JERROLD her first suspicion that there was anything strange about BOB CLAYTON, the young man who had offered to drive her and her younger brother, NICK JERROLD, from Minneapolis to join their father and their brother Cy, who had spent the winter at Lazy-K Ranch. She raced back to the car, repurchased with difficulty for Mrs. Fundy, another Minneapolis guest at the ranch. Nick wouldn't believe Bob meant to get rid of them on the way to the ranch and make off with the car, but Rusty convinced him. On the lonely canyon trail, Bob faked a motor breakdown, and a husky-voiced stranger appeared out of the night. When Bob asked the stranger to take Rusty and Nick to the ranch, Nick flew at the newcomer with a golf club. Now go on with Chapter II.

NICK!" Bob's voice was sharp. "Put that club down! Nobody's going to hurt you!"

For a moment, Nick wavered. Then he raised the mashie again.

"Yeah?" His chin shot out. "We're not going with him! That's flat!"

With a swift movement, Bob wrenched the mashie from Nick's grasp.

"Don't be a dope," he said. And to the man beside the car, "Seems to be a little misunderstanding. Maybe you can give me a push. I can coast down."

There was a moment's silence, then the throaty voice said quietly, "Very well. I will wait by the bridge—in case you have more trouble."

"The bridge. Right."

Rusty heard the footsteps fading away into the night, and then the sound of a motor. The car behind bumped the Ark gently, and it jerked forward, as the motor caught, and moved away under its own power. A miraculous recovery, Rusty thought. Bob turned.

"All right, you two. Let's have it."

No answer. Bob picked up the tennis racket and dropped it into the back seat.

"A little quick on the trigger, aren't you, Nick? What's back

Rusty turned to Cy, who was down on the floor playing with Crinkles. "Where's Bob?" she asked. "Surely he came in with us!"

of it? Let's hear about it."

Nick sputtered, "I didn't trust him!"

"That's odd. He offers to help us and you fly at him with a golf club. That's going pretty far, don't you think?"

Rusty couldn't bear the hard note of anger in Bob's voice and Nick getting all the blame. She said soberly, "I didn't trust him either."

"Rubbish!" said Bob curtly.

Rusty mustered up her courage. "Do you—know him?"

"Look," said Bob. "I'm not exactly a dimwit. Ever since we left Chatfield, there's been an icy atmosphere in this car that would freeze a hot tamale. It's obvious something went wrong back in Chatfield. What happened when we stopped there?"

For the life of her, Rusty couldn't get the words out to tell him about the telephone call she had overheard.

"Aw, forget it, Bob," Nick grunted from the back seat. "Maybe Rusty and I had a fight."

Bob didn't answer. They were nearing the bottom of the canyon, and Rusty could hear the gurgle of a mountain stream foaming over its rocks. Bob eased his way carefully down the trail which twisted through dark pines.

"We're down." He broke the silence at last. "The ranch is only three miles farther on." And with a sudden return of his old friendly manner, he tossed over his shoulder to Nick, "And I heard that in the drugstore, Nicko!"

"We're forgiven!" Rusty thought with a heady lightening of her spirits.

She began to babble excitedly about the trail and the stream which they crossed again and again, about the spicy odor of fir and flowers, the tinkle of the cottonwoods as the car brushed by them, the enormous boulders with dusky hues turning to bronze and saffron as the lights struck them. The danger on the trail seemed unreal now. She was getting more excited by the minute.

"Oh, Nick, do you suppose Pops will know you? You've grown inches since January! And Cy—I bet he'll go simply mad when he sees Crink! He won't even notice *us!*"

The trail turned over a small bridge and the car lights revealed a rustic gate, with log posts and an overhead crossbar on which were burned the words, "Lazy-K Ranch."

"Here it is," said Bob, while Rusty and Nick let out a whoop of joy that set Crink yelping.

Beyond the gate a smaller trail wound through cottonwood and birch, to emerge in a large open space, in the center of which sprawled a huge, brightly lighted ranch house. Lights from a dozen cabins studded the groves of dark trees surrounding the enclosure, and away to the right were other low buildings where dogs barked shrilly and Rusty could see the shadowy forms of horses and cow hands.

Bob brought the car to a stop before the ranch house and Rusty and Nick scrambled out. The next few minutes were so exciting that Rusty never did know exactly what happened. There was a wild yell and Cy burst out of the house and across the yard. He caught up Rusty and swung her off the ground, and then pummeled Nick to a pulp in his delight at seeing them. There was Mr. Whitman, who owned Lazy-K Ranch, and his son, Toby, who seemed to be about Rusty's age, and Toby's younger sister, Muff, and everyone was saying, "What a shame Dr. Jerrold went off to Phoenix! He'll be so disappointed!" There was Rusty's own disappointment at finding Pops away, and Cy exclaiming, "Gee, Rusty, you look mighty good to me!" and Toby and one of the cow hands carrying in the luggage, and everyone talking at once.

"I'll go with you," said Muff, and returned Nick's stare with frank unconcern. "Just so you won't get lost."

In the confusion Rusty forgot all about Bob Clayton and the incident on the trail. But as she gave the Ark a last look to make sure all the luggage had been carried in, her responsibility for the car flashed back into her mind. She reached into the front

(*Continued on page* 30)

Keep Cool
Stay cool as a coke . . . be a neat little treat in this free 'n easy frock designed to beat the heat! It has a potent personality for dates or graduation. In shining PLAYA, a washable LABTEX Fabric, with a basketweave straw belt. Teen sizes 10 to 16, in white only. $8.95
Teentimer
ORIGINAL

THE DENVER DRY GOODS CO. . . Denver, Colo.
J. GOLDSMITH & SONS CO. . . Memphis, Tenn.
THE WILLIAM HENGERER CO. . . . Buffalo, N. Y.
IVEY'S, INC. . . . . Asheville, N. C.
LANSBURGH & BRO. . . . . Washington, D. C.
POWERS DRY GOODS CO. . . Minneapolis, Minn.
ED. SCHUSTER & CO., INC. . . . Milwaukee, Wis.
WOLF & DESSAUER. . . . . Fort Wayne, Ind.
CHANDLER & CO. . . . . Boston, Mass.
STEWART & CO. . . . . Baltimore, Md.

MOVIE MEMOS

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor

RE-Spring Surprises

Danny Kaye—one man surprise package. As if one Danny couldn't spring enough surprises there are two of him in "Wonder Man"—really three, if you count his ghost. You see, Danny is twins. The boys have been separated from birth, Edwin becoming a Quiz Kid and Buzzy a night club entertainer. When Buzzy is bumped off by racketeers, his spirit takes control of brother Edwin. What follows shouldn't happen to the meek-mannered, serious lad Edwin has always been. For instance, he finds himself cutting such unexplainable capers as interrupting the park-bench wooing of sailor Huntz Hall and his girl, Virginia Gilmore. Photographed in technicolor to show off the pretty girls, "Wonder Man" will rival spring itself for gaiety. (RKO)

Jack Benny with a horn. In "The Horn Blows at Midnight" Jack Benny is a trumpeter angel in heaven, his violin having been consigned to the nether regions, no doubt in order to preserve celestial bliss. Jack is commanded by The Chief (Guy Kibbee), who is out of patience with the earth, to destroy our planet by blowing his horn at midnight. Does Benny blow? No, he decides we're worth saving. (Warner)

Roy gets girl. And it's about time! Possessed of enough charm for half a dozen heroes, the King of the Cowboys couldn't help adding a romantic note to the traditional outdoors opus. Dale Evans contributes her share, too, and since they both can sing like nobody's business "Utah" becomes a top-notch musical Western. But just to keep the boys happy, Roy also uses his fists to good advantage. (Republic)

Mrs. Nussbaum says Yes! In selecting the choice items for "It's in the Bag," Fred Allen packed a real surprise by bringing us Mrs. Nussbaum (Minerva Pious) in person. Other items, more or less in order of their appearance, are Jack Benny, Robert Benchley, Jerry Colonna, Don Ameche. There's a story, too, but you wouldn't believe it if we told you: The funniest scene shows Fred and his wife (Binnie Barnes) trying to find a seat in a palatial movie house when they've been promised "immediate seating on the inside." (U.A.)

The Bumsteads are back. We've missed Blondie and Dagwood and the children and Daisy the dog, haven't you? The Bumsteads are the only movie family we know which ages like the rest of us. Dagwood, of course, still takes a lot of managing in "Leave It to Blondie," but Alexander is getting to be a regular family helper. He enters a song in a contest his father is to sing. Blondie catches Dagwood's fumbles. (Col.)

Doctor and patient. The surprise here is that Ingrid Bergman is the doctor and Gregory Peck the patient. But the fact that Alfred Hitchcock is the director will guarantee plenty more unexpected situations in "Spellbound," including a murder. When Peck flees the sanitarium to escape being held for the murder, Ingrid follows to protect him. (U. A.)

Peggy Ryan has a new boy-friend. Johnny Coy takes the place of Donald O'Connor (absent with leave on account of Uncle Sam needed him) in "That's the Spirit." Looks as if Johnny had taught Peggy something besides jitterbugging—that's fancy dancing, with only one foot out of four on the floor! (Univ.)

Burgess Meredith turns into Ernie Pyle. And even Ernie's best friends (meaning you and me and millions of other home folks) will say the likeness is amazing. No one seems satisfied with the film's present title—"The Story of G.I. Joe"—so it will probably be changed before release. (U.A.)

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON
Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

I have tried in many ways to stop being a tomboy. But it is quite hard to because I have been one for so long. My problem is, should I stop being a tomboy altogether or gradually try to be a girl? — Barbara McA., aged 13½, New York.

From tomboy to dream-girl is not such a big step!

BARBARA is like a number of other girls in the early teens who enjoy being tomboys for a while, but who outgrow this in good time. Such girls derive a good deal of satisfaction from rougher forms of play and sometimes seem to have boyish mannerisms. They may like to climb, run, take part in rather strenuous games. They try to keep pace with their brothers and their brothers' friends in all sorts of physical activities not always enjoyed by other girls their age.

But continuing to be a tomboy is not so usual around fifteen or sixteen, when feminine things begin to be much more appealing—such as pretty hairdos, girlish clothes, make-up, nail polish, jewelry, gadgets, perfumes, and powders! It is not necessary for Barbara to try to force herself, all at once, to give up activities which she has been finding fun for so long; she can go on enjoying them—at least for parts of the time—as long as she does not overlook the need for good taste and common sense. Some of the experiences Barbara may continue to relish instead of being considered tomboyish might result in people's thinking of her as "a typical outdoor girl." Swimming, boating, tennis, hiking—all are good sports for a girl and they make for good recreation with boys as well as with other girls. Concentration on the rougher kinds of tomboy practices will no doubt gradually disappear as Barbara grows older.

She should try to develop interest in the things the other girls like to do. Slowly but surely she wants to take her place among them. Barbara does not say she has any objection to becoming more feminine. She seems to realize that she must learn to find happiness in her role of girl and woman. Young people should look forward with happy anticipation to the time when they will be women and men.

My mother is quite young and very pretty. She is also very "hep." I'm glad she is like that. But I have a lot of friends. There are four of us who always chum around together (two fellows and two girls). Mom always insists on going out with us. She says it's because "there's too much necking" or "staying out too late." But there's been absolutely no necking, and I'm always home on time. Mom has no other company, like a husband, because my father's an officer in the Navy, and is stationed overseas. Please tell me what to tell Mom, so that she'll stay home when I want to go out with the kids.—Connie L., aged 14, Illinois.

MANY a girl would envy Connie her popular, attractive, companionable mother; and it is good to know that Connie appreciates her, too. But of course girls and boys do want a life of their own and need to be just with one another—without grownups—when they "chum around together."

Every girl thinks another one is the luckiest in the world. Mary may bemoan the fact that her parents never give her any of their time or attention—never do things or go places

(*Continued on page 45*)

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

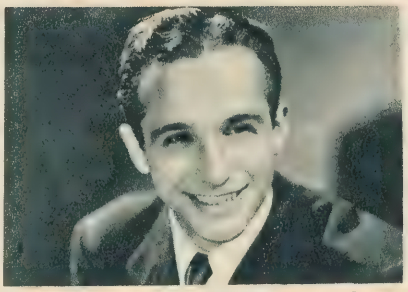
STOP, LOOK, *and Listen!*

STOP fretting because you think there's nothing specially for *you* on the air waves.

LOOK up the radio program that's your very own, tailored to fit the teens.

LISTEN every week to the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air! It's for you.

Yes, CALLING ALL GIRLS is on the air—every week—with just the things you want most—Nancy Pepper, your fashion editor, brings you smart suggestions for smooth styles; Jenny Jabberwocky, that giddy gal, gives with the latest lingo of slanguage; your favorite stories from CALLING ALL GIRLS are brought to the mike by New York casts, and there are guest stars who are tops with teens. You'll hear the latest news from your CALLING ALL GIRLS Official Headquarters Store about fashion shows, features, and shopping specials.



You've heard Sunny Skylar sing, and now you can hear him interviewed in a broadcast on your own special radio program.

On another page is a list of the stores sponsoring your CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air. Check with the nearest store for the time and station.

If no store in your locality offers your program as yet, write Linda Allen, National Director, CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Let's raid the icebox... Have a Coca-Cola

...a way to make a party an added success

At home, the good things of life come from the kitchen. And one of the good things is ice-cold Coca-Cola in the icebox. *Have a Coke* are words that make the kitchen the center of attraction for the teen-age set. For Coca-Cola never loses the freshness of its appeal, nor its unfailing refreshment. No wonder Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes* from Maine to California,—has become a symbol of happy, refreshing times together everywhere.

You naturally hear Coca-Cola called by its friendly abbreviation "Coke". Both mean the quality product of The Coca-Cola Company.

© 1945 The C-C Co.

THE TEEN SHOP BY MAIL

Pinafore SMARTY

Hey, good-looking, that's a mighty cute pinafore dress! Washable spun rayon in red or blue with gay, colorful print. Lace trimmed. Buttons down the back. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16.

6.95

Datemakers BY SPERRY

Mail Orders carefully filled.
Write for illustrated catalog.

The Sperry Co., 69 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Rolling Right Along

You can have fun on wheels and not drive others to frenzy if you take a tip from these golden rules of road and rink

By MARTHA ROSS

ARE you the proud owner of bike or skates? If so, now that such items are scarce, your stock probably has soared skyward in the estimation of your friends. But—come on, be honest—how's your personal rating with the older neighbors? Do they smile upon you, or have they a special glare for you as a menace on wheels? Just in case they may be wishing fervently, if not vocally, that your feet had never left the earth, let's take a quick review of some of the special courtesies that these means of getting about call for. You'll rate cheers as you whiz along, if you follow the rules.

You may not know it, but it says in the little black book of laws that a bicyclist should follow the same traffic regulations as the automobile driver. These include stopping and waiting for the proper traffic lights, using hand signals to indicate stops and turns, and staying to the right of the road. Letting the world know what you're up to is not only a matter of courtesy, but it's a saving on the time, temper, and tires of any motorist who happens to be trailing you. Also, it's mighty good life insurance.

Big cities say no to riding on the sidewalk—as if they need to; there's no room. Even if your town isn't so strict, its citizens are just as fond of their lives and limbs as are their city cousins. Of course in your town it may be perfectly all right to wheel down the sidewalks, or maybe this is the only place your parents allow you to ride. In any event, how about giving the earth-bound pedestrian a break—and we don't mean a break of the arm or the leg. We're thinking of a mighty quick brake foot.

The clang of metal skates on paved sidewalks is undoubtedly music to you if you're having fun—but not to someone trying to sleep. Suppose you'd planned Sunday morning for a bit of shut-eye, or were a war worker just turning in for your daylight sleep-shift, and the air was suddenly rent by a wail worse than any tomcat's song? So think before you let 'er roll, and pick a time no one needs for sleep.

Your responsibilities as a skater or a bicycler don't end when you dismount. A lot depends on where you park your steed. Sure, it's funny in a slapstick movie when someone steps on a misplaced skate and does a double Gaynor into space. But the movie actor is a specialist in the maneuver and undoubtedly your family and friends aren't so acrobatically inclined. Or if they are, they may want to pick their own time and place to perform. So leave your rolling stock in safe places if you want to leave yourself in good graces.

The word isn't always don't when it comes to bikes and skates—not by a long shot. Think of the long bicycle trips to places that would be out of range of your feet alone. Solitary cycle-jaunts are fun, but when you wheel away to explore country trails, it's merrier when you have company. Then there's the skating rink. Here it's even okay to skate with strangers, especially if there's group skating to music. Mutual interest in wheeling about is all the introduction you need here. But the license is off when it's time to go home. Then when you come down to earth you have to go back to where you came in—you go home alone or with your friends, the way you came.

Headlong INTO VACATION!

Yes, kids, school's almost over, and it's time to start thinking about all the fun you're going to have this summer, with baseball and tennis and swimming and everything.

And the best way to get ready for all that fun ahead is to have mother or dad take you down for a new pair of Red Goose Shoes.

They're really snazzy, and they *feel* so swell . . . why gee, you can just knock around in them all you want.

Why don't you get a pair for the class picnic or the school dance? You'll knock the gang for a loop . . . 'cause you see, Red Goose Shoes make a hit wherever they go.

Red Goose Shoes

RED GOOSE DIVISION
INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO.

This is Red Goose Style #3991

This is Red Goose Style #3155-1

RED GOOSE SHOES

"HALF THE FUN OF HAVING FEET"

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF ALL AGES

Sandra Lee
"A Sister-Lee Fashion"
Mexican merry-go-round
What fun! Guitar-strumming troubadors, donkeys, peasant girls, sombreros, cactus and Mexican jugs whirl merrily around this gay "Sandra Lee" dirndl dress of Peter Pan cotton waffle pique. It's a real knockout for you 'teen sizes 10 to 16. In red, green, or blue with bright contrasting bands of the Mexican merry-go-round print! About $8
BORGENICHT BROS.
520 Eighth Ave., New York 18

NEITHER too Young NOR too Old

With know-how, you in the teens can set your own charm pace. And here's the secret

By LOUISE CARLISLE
Good Looks Editor

WHEN you're a teen, it seems as if you're always either too young or too old. Mom says you're too young to wear grown-up clothes and make-up, sister tells you not to act like such a baby. It's all pretty confusing, but there's something you can do about it. *Be your age.*

Naturally, when you begin to outgrow the little-girl stage you want to wear clothes that look like high school and not like kindergarten. Of course everybody wears sweaters and skirts and they are really ageless. The problem becomes more acute when you select date dresses, hats, shoes (no high heels, please, in the early teens), suits, and coats. You are smart and smooth in appropriate teen fashions, whereas you look ridiculously out of place in sophisticated "misses'" styles. The difference between the two is subtle, but important. On the other hand, even if you are small for your age, you don't need to wear kiddish clothes; you'll find your size especially styled in the teen department.

Make-up is another matter about which there's room for discussion. As you become more conscious of your appearance you want to dress up your face, too. Mother's apt to say firmly, "No lipstick," but what she probably means is no dark colored lipstick, no laid-on-with-a-trowel effect. An artistic job with a light, natural lipstick will quite likely win her approval and Dad's, especially if the other girls you pal around with use it, too. You won't want to use it anyway if it's not "the thing" with your crowd. You know, the manufacturers of make-up items like powder, lipstick, and powder base put out a variety of shades so that every woman and girl may choose those which blend best with her own coloring. Young girls, who generally have light skin tones, need pink or light red make-up tints. Purplish reds and dark powder and powder base show up like a sore thumb, and that's certainly not the idea in using make-up. As one grows

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS

older, the skin usually changes in tone and the darker colors in make-up then give a warmer, more natural effect. But you won't need to worry about that until you're nearly thirty!

As for how much in the cosmetic line you need, that's an individual matter but this is a recommended complexion "diet" for teeners with normal skin, provided it has the green light from your family.

Aside from the usual cleansing and soothing preparations, you may use a powder base of either the cream or the lotion type. This may be used with or without powder—it's high fashion without powder, for that slightly shiny, very clean look. If you use powder, get a fine one, just a shade or two darker than your own skin coloring. Lipstick, if it is being used by most of the girls of your age in your town, but only in the light, clear red shades previously mentioned. Eye make-up? Definitely no, with the possible exception, for important parties, of a tiny bit of brown mascara and eyebrow pencil if you have the kind of "white" lashes and brows that look as if they weren't there at all. This must be applied *very* delicately; better leave it off than look blotchy around the eyes.

Careful attention to the niceties of good grooming shows better than anything that you're stepping out of the baby class. So see that your clothes are neat, hang properly on you, your accessories are selected with care, your make-up, if any, is expertly applied—and not applied in public.

When it comes to hair-dos, you shouldn't envy the sophisticated "set" styles some oldsters wear—they envy you the youthful charm to which soft, simple hair-dos are so becoming. Well-cut, shining, clean hair that needs only brushing, combing, and a minimum of "setting" is for you. And not only are unpretentious styles more becoming, they are also lots more suitable for the kind of life you lead. Remember that those glamorous 'dos you

can see in the movies are turned out by expert hairdressers on the spot, not run through with a hasty comb.

Of course there's another side to this picture. What about the teener who's a little younger in years than the girls in her class, and maybe a little big for her age? Should she continue to dress for her real age or should she go into the styles worn by her older classmates? Well, we recommend a compromise—simple classic styles that are neither obviously young nor old. Yes, grooming that is neither too young nor too old always brings out the best in a girl!

peasantry

american style

the skirt's red or navy . . . the blouse is creamy white . . . the embroidery's a color-riot. For a gal who knows what audience appeal is . . . meaning you. All rayon fabric, sizes 10 to 16, at your favorite store. Skirt and blouse, each about $4.

derby SPORTSWEAR, INC.

1333 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

GIRLS in the NEWS

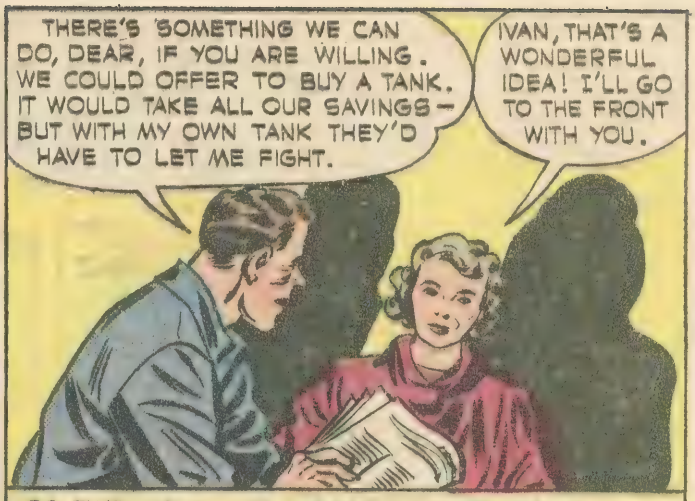
1—Mexican starlet. Evita Munoz, 8 years old, is way ahead on the road to stardom in Mexican movies. She dances, sings, and acts with grown-up assurance, and like some of our own young actresses, she isn't one bit frightened by a really hard emotional part. Because she did such a splendid job in her earlier pictures, Evita was given top billing in her latest, "La Pequena Madrecita" ("The Little Mother"). Here she's shown in the role of Chachita with Narciso Busquets, featured Mexican actor, as Pepe.

2—Page girls. In Georgia's legislature, girls replace boys as messengers. Left to right: Betty June Hooks, 12, Lexsy, Ga.; Gloria Gunn, 17, Atlanta; Juan Jose Peterson, 17, Dublin, Ga.; genial Speaker of the House, Roy Harris; Beth Chastain, 17, and Nell Ray Chastain, 18, of Thomasville, Ga.; Mariflyn Bridges, 16, and Genie Paschall, 15, both of Dawson, Ga. *Wide World Photos*

3—Philippine school. In one of the temporary schoolrooms established by the Philippine Civil Affairs unit at Manaoag, Luzon, it's happy days again for these Filipino girls of many ages. "Who's going to drive the Japs out?" the native teacher wants to know. And every hand (in some cases, two) shoots up. There's only one answer and they all want to recite. *U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo*

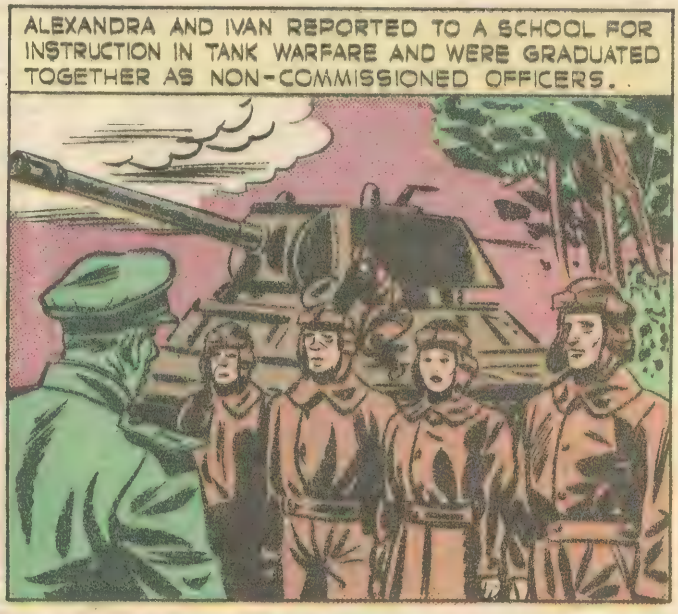
4—Bobby soxers. Strictly for teen-agers who are jive-minded is this weekly New York radio show known as Johnny Swing's Bobby Sox Canteen. The studio has a real canteen set-up, features guest stars and performers, many from talent schools, all within the age limit. Here Frank Parson, the Canteen's 19-year-old bandleader, goes into some fancy footwork with 17-year-old Pat Fox. *Wide World Photos*

GIFT FOR FREEDOM
AN INSPIRING TRUE STORY OF A YOUNG RUSSIAN COUPLE, ALEXANDRA AND IVAN BOIKO
EARLY IN THE WAR, IVAN BOIKO AND HIS WIFE ALEXANDRA BOTH WORKED IN A WAR FACTORY IN THE NORTHEASTERN PART OF RUSSIA.
IS THAT ALEXANDRA'S HUSBAND WITH HER OVER THERE ?
YES, THEY'RE THE HAPPIEST, MOST DEVOTED COUPLE IN THE WHOLE PLANT.
BUT IVAN WAS NOT AS HAPPY AS HE SEEMED. THERE WAS ONE THING HE WANTED WITH ALL HIS HEART.
I TRIED AGAIN TODAY TO ENLIST IN THE ARMY, ALEXANDRA, BUT THEY STILL SAID NO.
OH, IVAN, YOU SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT SO. YOU KNOW THEY TURN YOU DOWN BECAUSE YOU'RE NEEDED HERE IN THE FACTORY.
BUT THE LATEST NEWS! THE GERMANS HAVE ENTERED MY OWN HOME TOWN IN THE UKRAINE !
OH, DARLING!


THERE'S SOMETHING WE CAN DO, DEAR, IF YOU ARE WILLING. WE COULD OFFER TO BUY A TANK. IT WOULD TAKE ALL OUR SAVINGS — BUT WITH MY OWN TANK THEY'D HAVE TO LET ME FIGHT.
IVAN, THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA! I'LL GO TO THE FRONT WITH YOU.

SO THAT NIGHT, IVAN WROTE A LETTER TO STALIN SETTING FORTH HIS PLAN TO BUY A TANK AND OFFERING HIS AND ALEXANDRA'S SERVICES.

AFTER SIX MONTHS OF WAITING FOR AN ANSWER...
DARLING, A LETTER FROM STALIN! HE THANKS US, CONGRATULATES US, AND — AND GRANTS OUR WISH!


ALEXANDRA AND IVAN REPORTED TO A SCHOOL FOR INSTRUCTION IN TANK WARFARE AND WERE GRADUATED TOGETHER AS NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

THE BOIKOS' TANK SOON SAW VICTORIOUS ACTION AGAINST THE NAZIS.
SEE THIS NEWS ITEM! THE BOIKOS HAVE BEEN CITED FOR VALOR IN ACTION.
I ALWAYS KNEW IVAN WOULD MAKE A GOOD TANK COMMANDER.
BUT HE ISN'T! ALEXANDRA IS THE COMMANDER, AND IVAN IS THE DRIVER! THEY MAKE A FINE TEAM.
SOME TIME LATER...
IVAN, I'VE BEEN GIVEN A FURLOUGH. I'M TO GO TO AN ANTI-FASCIST MEETING IN MOSCOW.
I'LL STAY WITH THE REST OF THE CREW AND WORK ON OUR TANK.
IN MOSCOW, THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS WERE MUCH INTERESTED IN THE PRETTY YOUNG WARRIOR.
WEREN'T YOU TERRIFIED BY THE NAZI GUNFIRE, COMMANDER BOIKO?
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I'M MUCH MORE FRIGHTENED BY REPORTERS.
AND WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO AFTER THE WAR?
I HAVE NOT PERMITTED MYSELF TO THINK ABOUT PEACETIME. THERE IS A MORE IMPORTANT JOB TO BE DONE FIRST.

MYSTERY OF THE LOST VILLAGE

(*Continued from page 16*)

seat and with a swift movement pocketed the car keys.

It was only when she stood in the great main room of the ranch house that she realized someone was missing. Father, of course. And Bob — where was he? She turned to Cy, who was down on all fours on a bearskin rug in front of the huge stone fireplace, renewing acquaintance with Crink.

"Where's Bob Clayton?"

Cy peered up through his thick glasses. "Bob Clayton? Oh, the fellow who drove the car, you mean? I don't know. Didn't even get to meet him. Nick, you ought to see the hounds they have around here. They could swallow Crink in one gulp."

"But—surely he came in with us, didn't he, Nick?" Rusty persisted.

Nick looked puzzled. "Gee, I don't know. Everybody was yelling and . . . I'll go see if he's out with the car."

"I'll go with you," said Muff, and Nick turned to stare at the skinny little girl who made this sudden overture of friendship. Muff was at the stage of being all arms and legs. She swung her blond pigtails, hooked her thumbs in the tops of her blue dungarees, shoved out her bright plaid chest, and returned the stare with frank unconcern. "Just so you won't get lost," she said.

"Well, I guess I couldn't get lost that easy." Nick frowned.

"You could," said Muff serenely, "looking for Bob Clayton, you could, because if he's the man that drove the car and acted like he didn't want anyone to see him out there, well, you won't find him in a hurry because he came back and tried to start the car and when it wouldn't start, he got out again and beat it up the trail the way you came from, but *fast!*"

Toby, his boots clicking sharply on the stairs as he came down from putting away the luggage, interrupted. "Muff, put the act on ice, will you?"

"Oh!" Rusty clapped a hand to her mouth. She hadn't left her purse on the bed. And why was the pillow on the floor?

He gave Rusty a friendly smile and drawled, "I reckon you'll have to learn to put up with Muff. She's not so bad when you get to know her."

"Oh, yes, I am," said Muff. "I'm spoiled. Mrs. Fundy — your father drove her and Mom to Phoenix to get permanents, but if you ask me . . ."

"Nobody's asking you," Toby said with a glare. "Come on, Rusty and Nick, you must be starved. I'm official ranch-house boss while Mother's in Phoenix. I've asked the cook to rustle up some supper for you."

But Rusty stared past him. "The bridge," she said softly. "He waited at the bridge."

"What's this about a bridge?" Cy stood up, Crink in his arms.

Rusty shook her head. "Nothing. Toby, can we put the Ark away somewhere—lock it up?"

Toby grinned. "That precious car Mrs. Fundy's been stewing about, eh? I'll drive it into the garage your dad uses and lock it up tight as a vault."

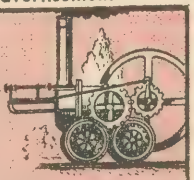
Rusty dug into her pocket and handed him the keys. "I want them back," she said, smiling. "I—I've a reason," she added as she saw Toby's eyebrows go up. "And Cy, I have to talk to you."

Leaving Muff and Nick in a fierce argument over where

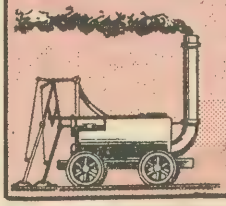
(*Continued on page 32*)

The Story of the IRON HORSE

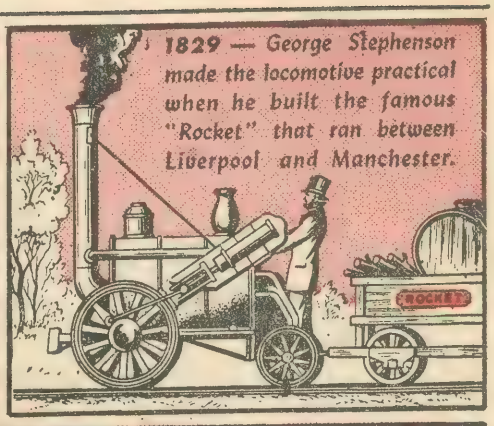
1803—The first real steam locomotive—that ran on rails—was built by Richard Trevithick in England.



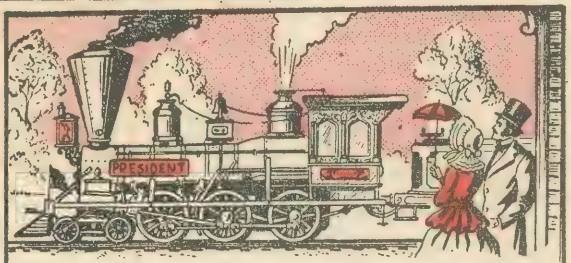
1813—Strangest of all locomotives was built by Brunton—pushed by long "grasshopper" legs!



1829 — George Stephenson made the locomotive practical when he built the famous "Rocket" that ran between Liverpool and Manchester.

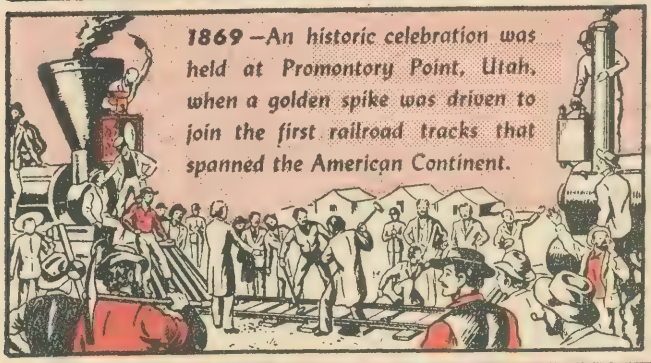


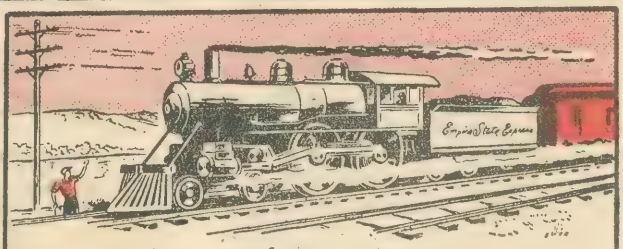
1830—Peter Cooper's "Tom Thumb" locomotive ran an exciting race with a horse-drawn car near Baltimore, Md. The horse won . . . but the "Tom Thumb" encouraged other men to build bigger and better locomotives.



1856—By this time, trains were running on nearly 30,000 miles of track. The "President" is an example of the "fancy" designs used in those days.

1869—An historic celebration was held at Promontory Point, Utah, when a golden spike was driven to join the first railroad tracks that spanned the American Continent.





1893—The famous "999" pulled the "Empire State Express" at 112.5 miles an hour—a speed that would have been considered fantastic a century ago!

TODAY—Westinghouse makes all forms of equipment for driving modern "Iron Horses"—as well as complete electric locomotives. Recently, Westinghouse built the turbine and driving system for the first geared steam-turbine locomotive in the U.S.

THREE TYPES OF MODERN "IRON HORSES"

STEAM—Heat, produced by burning coal, generates steam for the turbine which turns the driving wheels.

DIESEL-ELECTRIC—A Diesel engine turns a generator, supplying power to motors which pull the train.

ELECTRIC—Power, generated at a distance, is supplied by overhead wires to turn huge electric motors.

Would you like a copy of this picture-story (without advertising signature) for your school room? Ask your teacher to write for Picture Story CAG-55, to School Service, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, P. O. Box 1017, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania.

Tune in: JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—Sunday 2:30, EWT, NBC
TED MALONE—Mon. Tues. Wed. Evening, Blue Network

Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES OFFICES EVERYWHERE

MYSTERY OF THE LOST VILLAGE

(*Continued from page 32*)

Crinkles was to sleep, Rusty drew Cy with her up to the room she had been given next to the one Nick and Cy were to share. She gave a hurried but pleased glance at the pine-paneled walls, the maple dressing-table and bed, the soft yellow lamps on the low tables, the fluffy white rugs.

Cy threw himself into a low chair, and crossed his long legs in their dusty boots. "What's the mystery, Rusty? Is there something wrong?"

"Wrong!" Rusty closed the door and sank down on the edge of the bed. "Wait till you hear!" And she poured out the story of the purchase of the Ark, the altered plans, Bob's appearance, their journey, the telephone call, and the last encounter on the trail. "As far as I can gather," she finished, "Bob wanted to get rid of us so he could make off with Mrs. Fundy's car. But he's not going to get it."

She had been afraid that Cy would scoff at her story as Nick had done earlier, but he didn't. He said, "That's plenty queer, Rusty. Wait till you hear what goes on here. Maybe it ties together, though I don't see how. I've been digging, you know—Indian relics—and I've found a few things. Nothing any museum would look at, just a few sherds so far. Well, I got Mrs. Fundy interested, and now she digs, Pops digs, my little Hopi friend, Masi, digs—oh, it's great stuff. Only . . ."

"Cy, who *is* Mrs. Fundy?"

"She's the widow of Dr. Fundy, an archeologist from back home. He fell four summers ago when he was digging down here, and was killed. Mrs. Fundy wasn't with him, just one of his students. I don't know where it happened. Well, at first she didn't want to hear about my digging, but she got interested. Then the funny stuff started. Like the night Masi and I saw the ghost, and the night the spades were stolen—and I could swear Mrs. Fundy knows more than she lets on. She tries to get me to quit digging, and then she and Pops have a secret conference . . ."

"Do you like her, Cy?"

Cy shrugged and threw out his hands. "Pops likes her."

Rusty caught her breath. "So *that's* why you wrote Aunt Ede to come down and rescue him! Oh, Cy, I couldn't bear it—not if she isn't—well, absolutely super!"

"Don't get waxed up over it," Cy said hurriedly. "She's full of fun and they laugh a lot. After all, Rusty, it's not such a weird idea. Pops is pretty young really, and Mother's been gone nine years."

"I know," said Rusty. "I always told myself I'd never be selfish if—if it happened—only if she's . . ."

"I don't *know* if she's pulling anything!" Cy got up and began to pace the floor. "Only I figured maybe she thinks because I've found a few sherds—pieces of broken pottery, you know—I'm on the right spot, and that's why she wants me to quit. She used to go with Dr. Fundy on all his expeditions, and he'd been hunting for this buried Indian pueblo village for several years. She wouldn't want a nobody like me to find it and have the honor of turning it over to the government."

"Here's Toby with the keys," Rusty said as a knock came at the door, and Toby's dark head and bright yellow neckerchief appeared around the edge of it. "At any rate we've got the car safe," she added as she stood up.

Over their belated supper, Toby and Muff introduced Rusty and Nick to some of the mysteries of a dude ranch. The guests who stayed in the ranch house itself were away this evening, enjoying a barbecue down in the canyon, Toby explained, otherwise the place would be cluttered up with them, singing and dancing.

"Too many girls," Toby drawled with a wry grin. "Hope your friend, Bob Clayton, shows up. If he's good looking, the dudes will tear him apart!"

The chances of Bob's returning seemed more remote than ever to Rusty by the time she was back again in her cozy bedroom. She unpacked sleepily, pausing now and then to lean out the window and listen. The dudes came riding back in groups of two or three until late into the night, but Bob didn't come back.

"I don't see why he'd want that old car," Rusty thought, as she tested the locked door, slipped into bed, and switched off the lamp. "But I've the car keys right under my pillow, and I'd like to see him get them!"

She had been asleep for hours, it seemed, when something woke her. "Rusty!" a muffled voice called urgently.

She switched on the lamp and sat up blinking. "Rusty!"

Snatching up her robe, she groped for her slippers and hurried into the hall. She tapped on Cy's door, heard Crinkles answer "Woof!" and went in. The room was dark.

"Nick! Didn't you call?"

Cy jerked up his head, turned on the light, and stared. Nick appeared to be sound asleep.

"What's the matter?" Cy said.

"Cy Jerrold! Up to your old tricks again!" Rusty said in an exasperated tone, laughing in spite of herself. "And you, too, Nick. Honestly, won't you two ever grow up?"

Cy reached for his glasses. "What's up? I was asleep."

"Too bad," said Rusty. "Well, one of these times when you *really* want something, you can yell your head off and *I'll* be asleep! I'm not like Aunt Ede, easy to fool. Good night, smarty, and serve you right if you have a walloping good nightmare!"

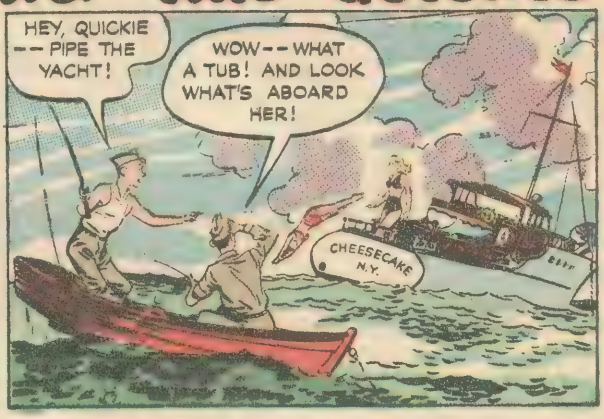
She sailed out, ignoring Cy's protests. Back in her room again, she stopped short. She hadn't left her purse on the bed. And what was the pillow doing on the floor?

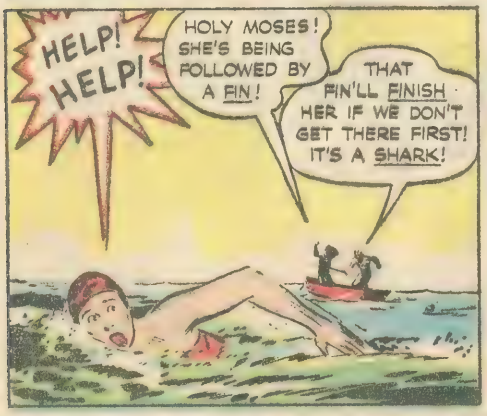
"Oh!" Rusty clapped a hand to her mouth. "Bob Clayton!" she gasped. "The keys! He's taken the keys!"

(*To be continued*)

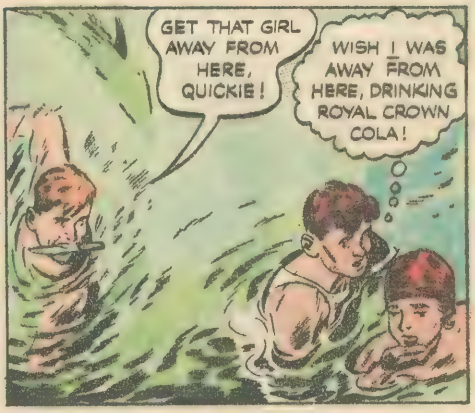
ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

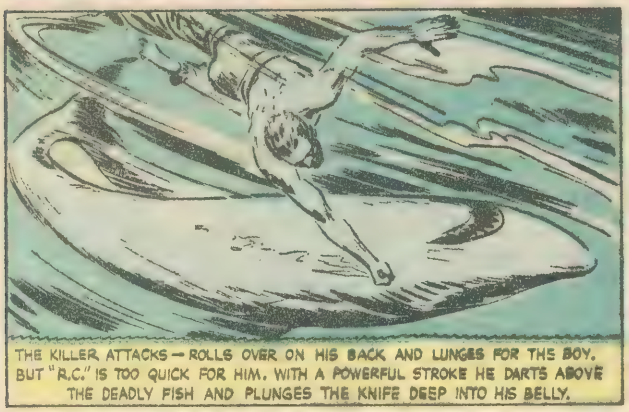
DUEL WITH A MAN-EATING SHARK!
I HAVEN'T HAD A NIBBLE FOR AN HOUR. WISH WE'D HOOK ONTO SOMETHING.
I'D LIKE TO HOOK ONTO A FROSTY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA!

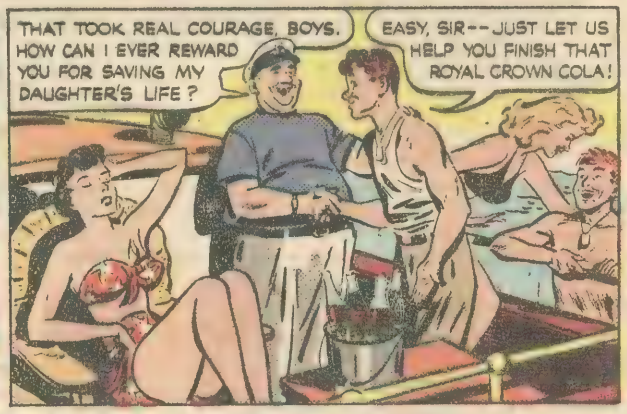


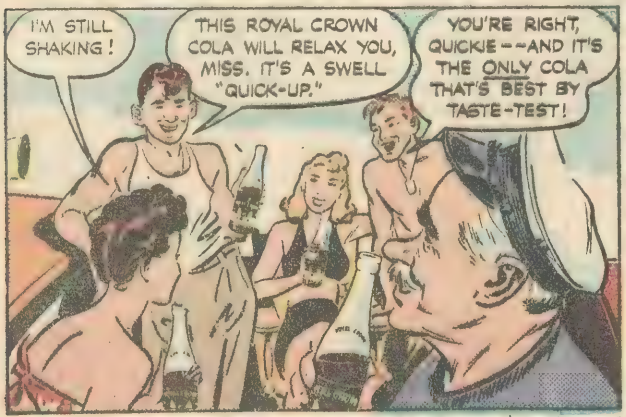


GET THE GIRL, QUICKIE. I'LL HANDLE THIS BABY!
HELP!
THE DIVE ACT QUICKLY "R.C." GRABS A FISH KNIFE, DIVES OVERBOARD AND SWIMS TOWARDS THE SHARK. QUICKIE HEADS FOR THE PANIC-STRICKEN GIRL.




THE KILLER ATTACKS — ROLLS OVER ON HIS BACK AND LUNGES FOR THE BOY. BUT "R.C." IS TOO QUICK FOR HIM. WITH A POWERFUL STROKE HE DARTS ABOVE THE DEADLY FISH AND PLUNGES THE KNIFE DEEP INTO HIS BELLY.


THAT TOOK REAL COURAGE, BOYS. HOW CAN I EVER REWARD YOU FOR SAVING MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE?
EASY, SIR -- JUST LET US HELP YOU FINISH THAT ROYAL CROWN COLA!


I'M STILL SHAKING!
THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA WILL RELAX YOU, MISS. IT'S A SWELL "QUICK-UP."
YOU'RE RIGHT, QUICKIE -- AND IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST!

COWBOY STAR DENNIS MOORE SAYS:

AND HOW! IT REALLY TASTES BEST!

Sharpshooting Dennis Moore has a dead eye when it comes to picking his favorite cola! He tried leading colas in paper cups, and picked Royal Crown Cola best-tasting! "R C is a swell fresh start, too," says Dennis. Try it. 2 full glasses in each bottle, 5¢.

See Dennis Moore in "SONG OF THE RANGE" a Monogram picture

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!

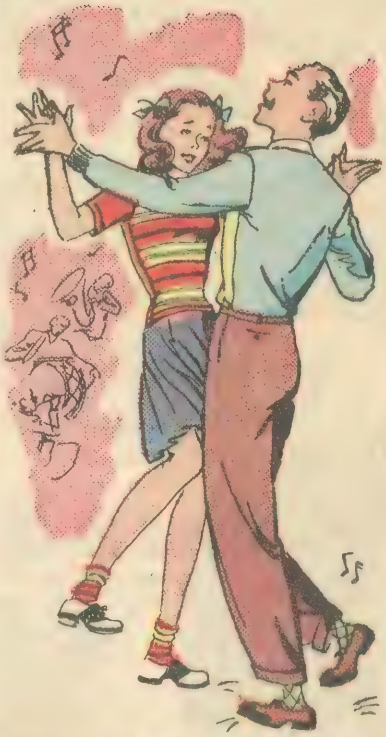
The VICTORY CLUB
HAPPY LANDING!
AH SPRING, BEAUTIFUL SPRING, WHEN LITTLE GREEN THINGS GROW.
LITTLE GREEN THINGS! SAY — WE OUGHT TO BE MAKING PLANS FOR THE VICTORY CLUB'S VICTORY GARDEN.
BUT, NAN, WHERE ARE WE GOING TO PLANT IT?
9 ROOSEVELT STREET
THAT IS A PROBLEM. EVEN IF WE TORE UP THE WHOLE LAWN, THERE ISN'T MUCH OF IT THAT'S GOOD AND SUNNY.
WHAT ABOUT THE EMPTY LOT NEXT DOOR?
SALE
DON'T BE SILLY, HOLLY. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY A LOT.
YEAH, WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE OUT WITH WHAT WE HAVE.
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT BUYING A LOT?
YOU TWO LAZIES GIVE UP TOO EASILY. NEVER MIND. HOLLY AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF THE MATTER.

WE GIVE UP, HUH? LAZY, ARE WE?
THEY BURN ME! ALWAYS TRYING TO RUN EVERYTHING. I WISH WE COULD GET THE JUMP ON THEM JUST ONCE.
MR. WALLACE, MAYBE YOU KNOW WHO OWNS THAT VACANT LOT NEXT TO OUR TEEN TOWN?
WHY, SURE. IT BELONGS TO OLD MAN DODD. HE'S A STRANGE OLD GUY, DOESN'T HAVE MUCH TO DO WITH ANYBODY.
HE'S RETIRED AND HIS ONE BIG LOVE IS GOLF. ONLY THERE AREN'T ANY CADDIES ANY MORE, AND HE CAN'T PLAY AS MUCH AS HE LIKES, LUGGING HIS OWN BAG WITH ALL THE CLUBS HE INSISTS ON USING.
GOLF, DAD? HOW'S ABOUT IT, CHIP?
YES, SIR, I'M WITH YOU!
EVENING STAR
THE NEXT SATURDAY MORNING...
SORRY, MR. DODD. NO CADDIES.
EXCUSE ME, MR. DODD, WE AREN'T PROFESSIONALS BUT WE WOULD BE GLAD TO CARRY YOUR BAG.
BOYS, YOU'RE THE ANSWER TO AN OLD MAN'S PRAYER. I HAVE GAS ENOUGH TO COME OUT HERE ONLY ONCE A WEEK AND I DO LIKE A REAL GAME.
BULLETIN
10
AND AT THE END OF A GAME...
THAT WAS WONDERFUL! JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS.
WE'D BE GLAD TO HELP YOU OUT ON SATURDAYS.
18

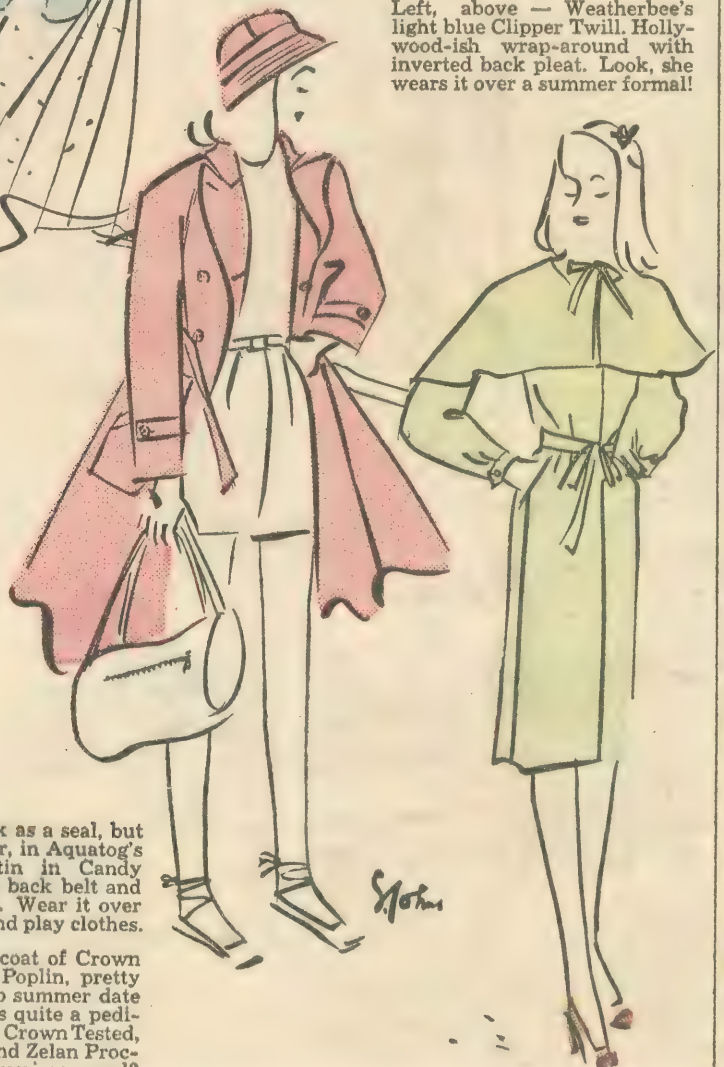
THAT'S REALLY GREAT. HOP IN AND I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO TOWN. AND IF THERE IS EVER ANY FAVOR I CAN DO FOR YOU ...
THERE IS SOMETHING, MR. DODD. WE HAVE A VICTORY CLUB AND ...
AFTER WALLY HAD TOLD HIS TALE ...
HMM. I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU SHOULDN'T USE THAT LOT. AND IF YOU ENERGETIC BOYS WANT TO PUT IT TO SUCH GOOD USE ...
A FEW DAYS LATER ...
NAN, YOU KNOW WE HAVE NEVER DONE ANYTHING ABOUT GETTING THAT LOT.
GEE, THAT'S RIGHT, HOLLY. AND LOOK, NOW THERE'S A SIGN ON THE PROPERTY.
NAN, THE LOT IS TAKEN.
ON THIS SITE WILL
WE'RE TOO LATE.
GIVING UP, GIRLS?
THAT'S NOT GIVING UP. WE KNOW WHEN WE'RE BEATEN, THAT'S ALL.
WHY DON'T YOU SEE WHAT THE REST OF THE SIGN SAYS?
CHIP - WALLY - YOU DID THIS?
SURE, EASY. MR. DODD LENT US THE LOT AND PUT UP THE SIGN. HE'S SO PLEASED WITH THE IDEA THAT HE'S ADVERTISING IT.
IT JUST TOOK A LITTLE CLUB WORK.
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT.
ON THIS SITE WILL GROW
THE VICTORY CLUB
VICTORY GARDEN
J.A.DODD - REAL ESTATE
MORE DOINGS OF THE VICTORY CLUB IN EVERY ISSUE OF YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE, CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Rainbow Coats your summer stand-bys

THEY used to be called Raincoats —but now we call them RainBOW on account of they come in such luscious colors that you'll be wearing them over all your summer clothes—Rain or Shine! They cost somewhere between $15 and $20—not too much for such all year 'round glamour and protection! Look for them in the teen departments of our Official Headquarters Stores listed on another page.



Left, above — Weatherbee's light blue Clipper Twill. Hollywood-ish wrap-around with inverted back pleat. Look, she wears it over a summer formal!



Above—Sleek as a seal, but much prettier, in Aquatog's Sealskin Satin in Candy Colors. Inset back belt and hat to match. Wear it over your beach and play clothes.

Right—Cape coat of Crown Tested Jove Poplin, pretty enough to top summer date dresses. It has quite a pedigree, too—it's Crown Tested, Sanforized, and Zelan Processed. Aren't you impressed?

OUT OF THE RUT... INTO THE GROOVE! IN THE *

Dee-Gee

DESIGN PAT. PEND. REG. TRADE MARK

This is it, pals — the short-sleeve Dee-Gee! Eye-catching, bright-as-a-button, it's your ticket to warm-weather smoothness. Super in solid two-tones; supreme in stripes. Of soft woven cotton in sizes small, medium, large. About $1.55 for short sleeves, about $1.85 for long sleeves at your favorite store, or write:

JASE

24 West 30th Street • New York 1, N. Y.

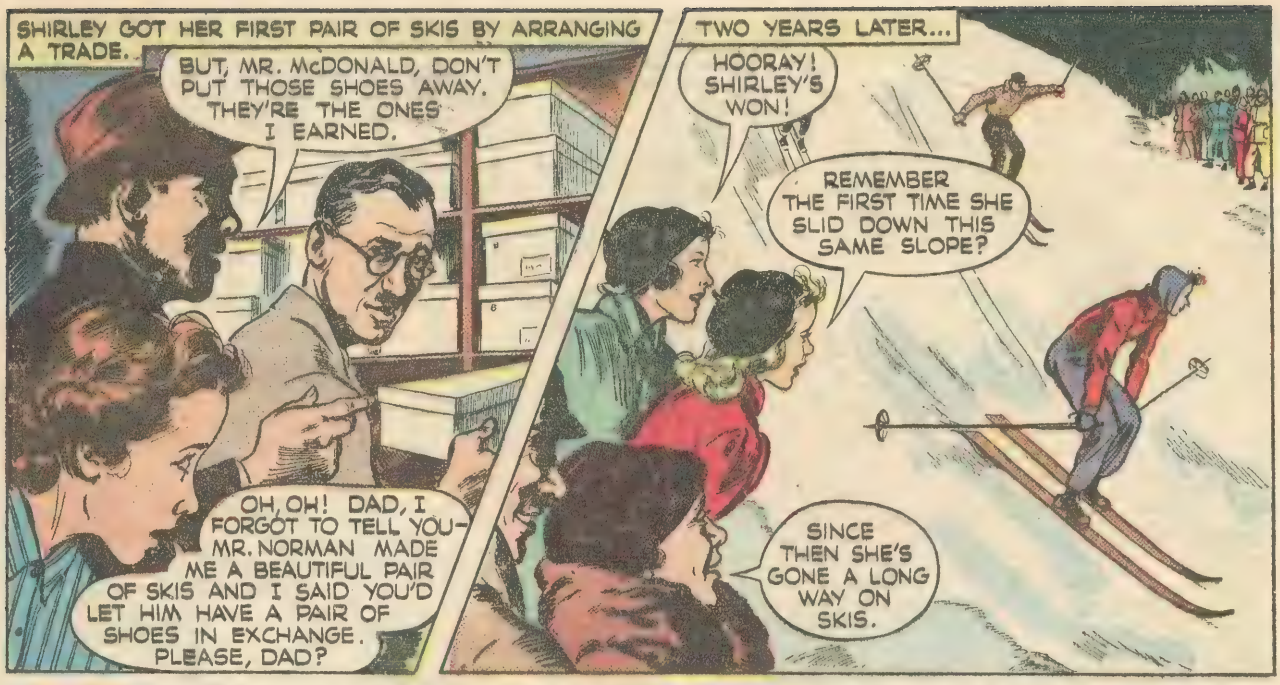
*Jive for "Divine!"

Cookie bakes a Smooth Custard

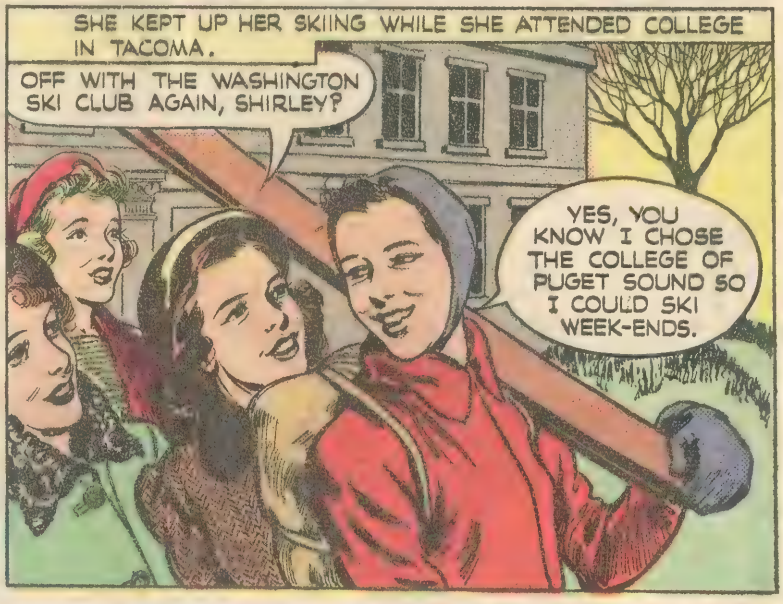
MAY I HELP, MUM?
YOU CERTAINLY MAY, COOKIE. YOU CAN MAKE THE CUSTARD FOR DESSERT.
EGGS
LIGHT OVEN AND SET FOR 325°.
TO 2 CUPS OF MILK, COOKIE, ADD 4 TABLESPOONS OF SUGAR...
... AND DON'T FORGET A PINCH OF SALT!
SCALD MILK, SALT, AND SUGAR MIXTURE UNTIL IT "BEADS."
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN — THOSE TINY BUBBLES AROUND THE EDGE!
POUR MILK MIXTURE OVER 2 WELL-BEATEN EGGS, ADD ½ TEASPOON VANILLA, AND BEAT TILL BLENDED.
DO YOU ALWAYS USE 2 EGGS FOR 2 CUPS OF MILK?
ONLY WHEN IT'S BAKED IN INDIVIDUAL CUPS. ONE BIG CUSTARD GETS 3 EGGS OR IT CRACKS.
STAND CUSTARD CUPS IN WATER AND BAKE FOR 25 MINUTES OR UNTIL CUSTARD IS FIRM.
IF THE WATER BOILS, THE CUSTARD WILL "WHEY," COOKIE.
OH, ALL WET AND RUNNY! I'LL KEEP THE OVEN HEAT STEADY SO THE CUSTARD WILL BE FIRM.
THE KNIFE WILL COME OUT CLEAN IF THE CUSTARD IS DONE.
HURRAH, IT DID!

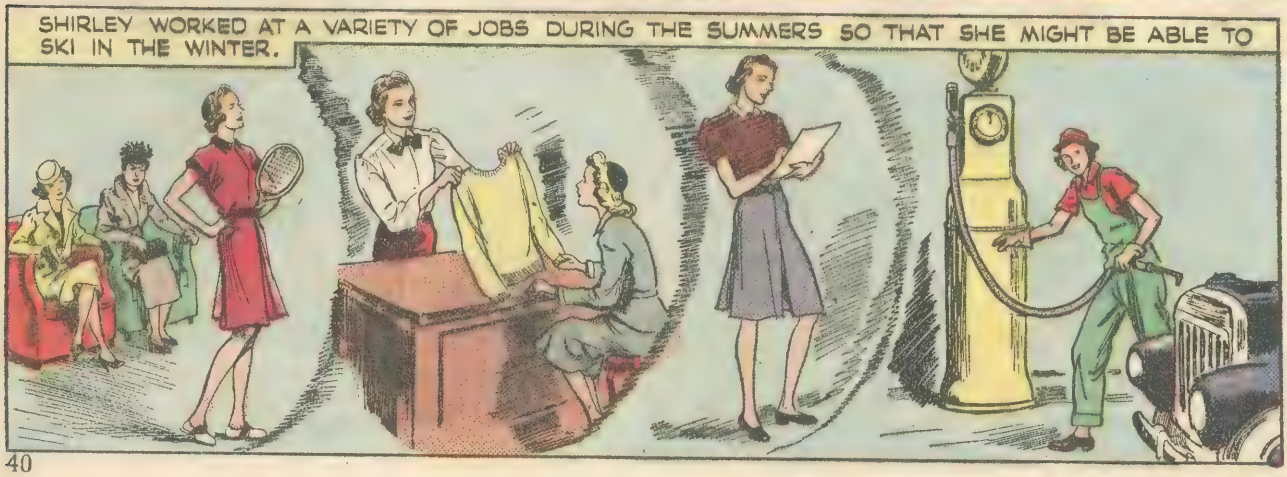
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW TO MAKE CUSTARDS OF DIFFERENT FLAVORS TURN TO PAGE 63.

SHE TOOK TO SKIS
THE TRUE STORY OF SHIRLEY McDONALD FOPP AND HOW SHE BUILT HER LIFE AROUND A PAIR OF SKIS.
SKIING FIRST ENTERED SHIRLEY'S LIFE ON AN APRIL DAY JUST TEN YEARS AGO WHEN HER FAMILY WENT FROM THEIR HOME IN TACOMA, WASHINGTON, TO MT. RAINIER FOR THE DAY.
THIS IS THE FIRST BIG SKI RACE EVER HELD IN THE UNITED STATES.
BUT BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, EVERYONE WILL BE SKIING!
IT LOOKS LIKE FUN. I WANT TO TRY IT!
AND TRY IT SHE DID, THAT SAME DAY, EVEN WITHOUT SKIS.
LOOK OUT BELOW! HERE COMES A FUTURE SKIER!
SHIRLEY TRIED HER FIRST STEPS ON SKIS SOON AFTER THAT DAY.
REMEMBER TO KEEP YOUR KNEES BENT, SHIRLEY, AND TO LEAN FORWARD.
THANKS, SALLY, AND THANK YOUR BROTHER FOR LETTING ME BORROW HIS SKIS.


SHIRLEY GOT HER FIRST PAIR OF SKIS BY ARRANGING A TRADE.
BUT, MR. McDONALD, DON'T PUT THOSE SHOES AWAY. THEY'RE THE ONES I EARNED.
OH, OH! DAD, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU— MR. NORMAN MADE ME A BEAUTIFUL PAIR OF SKIS AND I SAID YOU'D LET HIM HAVE A PAIR OF SHOES IN EXCHANGE. PLEASE, DAD?
TWO YEARS LATER...
HOORAY! SHIRLEY'S WON!
REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME SHE SLID DOWN THIS SAME SLOPE?
SINCE THEN SHE'S GONE A LONG WAY ON SKIS.

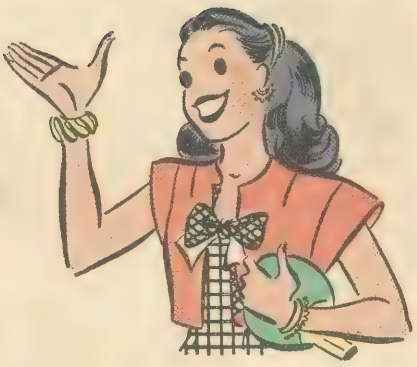
SHIRLEY PRACTICED CONSTANTLY UNTIL HER SPEED WAS WONDERFUL, BUT...
OOPS! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FOR BETTER CONTROL.


SHE KEPT UP HER SKIING WHILE SHE ATTENDED COLLEGE IN TACOMA.
OFF WITH THE WASHINGTON SKI CLUB AGAIN, SHIRLEY?
YES, YOU KNOW I CHOSE THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND SO I COULD SKI WEEK-ENDS.


SHIRLEY WORKED AT A VARIETY OF JOBS DURING THE SUMMERS SO THAT SHE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SKI IN THE WINTER.

THAT'S A NICE PICTURE OF YOU, SIS.
UM-HM. WHO'S THIS? "MARTIN FOPP, OF DAVOS, SWITZERLAND," LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SKIER.
TACOMA NEWS-TRIBUNE
AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE SHE DISCOVERED SHE WAS RIGHT. ON A HOLIDAY AT SUN VALLEY...
MISS McDONALD, DO YOU KNOW MARTIN FOPP?
WE HAVEN'T MET, BUT I'VE READ ABOUT YOU, MR. FOPP.
THE NEXT YEAR SHIRLEY'S SKIS TOOK HER TO DONNER SUMMIT, CALIFORNIA, WHERE MARTIN FOPP WAS AN INSTRUCTOR.
READY TO SHOOT, MISS McDONALD? LET'S GO!
ARE YOU MAKING A SPORTS SHORT ABOUT SKIING?
NO, WE'RE DOING THE SKI SCENES FOR M.G.M.'S "TWO-FACED WOMAN." SHIRLEY McDONALD IS DOUBLING FOR GRETA GARBO.
SHIRLEY WON THE NATIONAL SKI CHAMPIONSHIP AT YOSEMITE IN 1942.
CONGRATULATIONS! YOU CERTAINLY HAVE BOTH SPEED AND CONTROL!
THANK YOU, MARTIN, AND THANKS TO YEARS OF HARD WORK.
SHIRLEY AND MARTIN FOPP WERE MARRIED IN 1943, AND THE NEXT YEAR THEY CAME EAST TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE SKI SCHOOL AT BIG BROMLEY, VERMONT.
YOUR CLASS IS WAITING FOR YOU. STILL LIKE TEACHING, SHIRLEY?
AS LONG AS IT'S ON SKIS! THE NICEST THING I KNOW IS WORKING AT SOMETHING YOU LOVE!

Simplicity Sue makes DOUBLE-TALK DRESSES



FOR THOSE last months at school when the thermometer goes up and you're dreaming about vacation, when you should be concentrating on irregular verbs, Simplicity Sue recommends easy-to-make Double-Talk dresses. During school hours, you wear the little jacket—comes the dismissal bell, you peel off the jacket and you're ready for fun in the sun with a play dress. Modern design marches on!

If you're the long torso, dirndl skirt type, then you'll prefer Simplicity Pattern 1304, as sketched above. Simplicity Sue makes it up in a polka dot cotton with bands of printed fabric for trimming. Or, make a dressed-up version in spun rayon with eyelet-embroidered trim. Simplicity Pattern 1304, teen-age sizes 10 to 16, costs 15c.

For gals who swoon for princess-style dresses, there's Simplicity Pattern 1297, as sketched below. Being a Hep Hedy, herself, Simplicity Sue makes this one in checked gingham with butcher linen. Simplicity Pattern 1297, sizes 12 to 20, costs 15c.

Obtain Simplicity Patterns from your local dealer or send cash to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, *52 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.*

Hi, Podermic—
Look at these Belts!

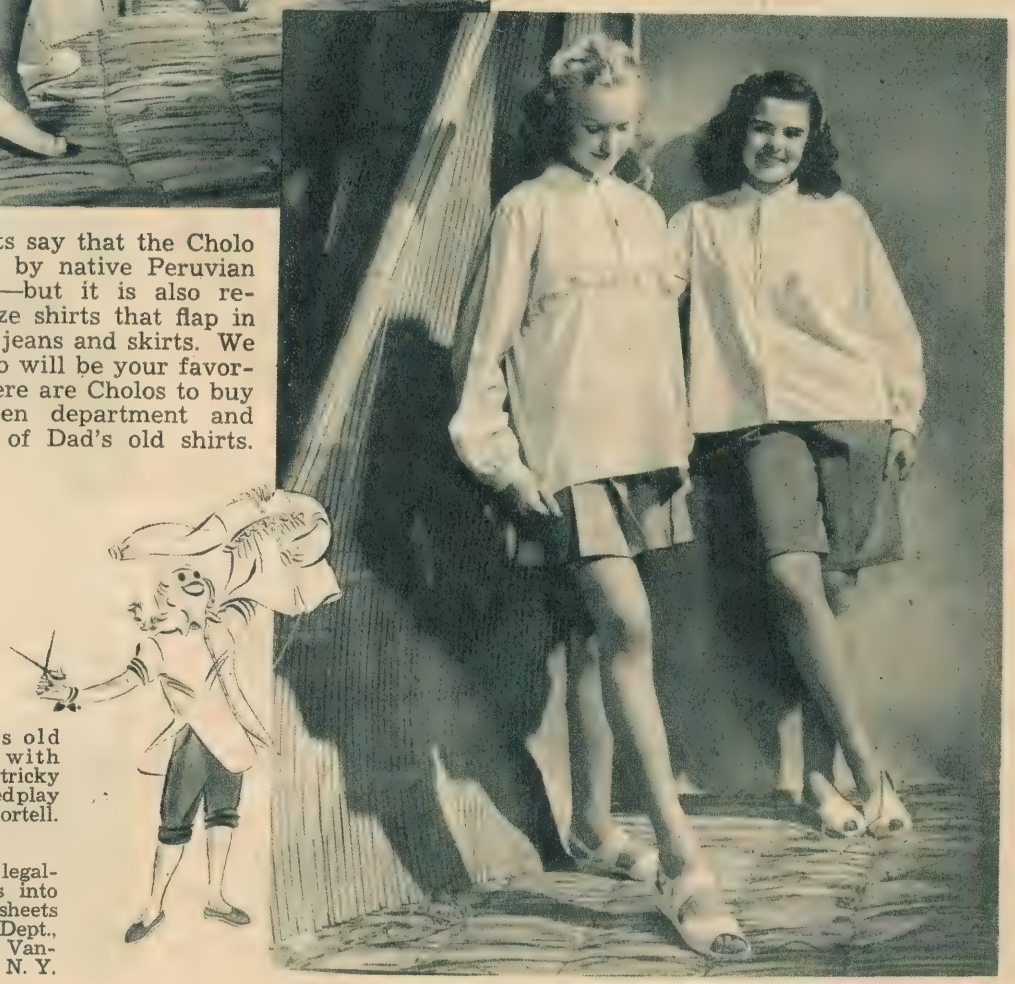
"Rugged" is the word for these two belt beauties waiting for you in the Gadgeteria of your nearest Official Headquarters Store. "Stop 'n' Go" is a turf-tan leather belt with red and green bicycle reflectors across the back. "School Spirit" is a smooth leather belt with your school name spelled out in nail heads. Conversation pieces—by Vogue Belts.

Three Cheers for the CHOLO!

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor

Left.—Two Cholos by Junior First, one of rayon butcher linen; the other of striped Bates cotton. Wear them over long Pedal Pusher shorts or bathing suits. Shorts by Kel, beach bag by Kleinert.

THE fashion experts say that the Cholo coat was inspired by native Peruvian costumes. Maybe so—but it is also related to those oversize shirts that flap in the breeze over your jeans and skirts. We predict that the Cholo will be your favorite summer fad, so here are Cholos to buy in your favorite teen department and Cholos to make out of Dad's old shirts.



Right—Transform Dad's old shirts into real Cholos with ruffles, stitching, and some tricky La Mode buttons. Unrationed play shoes are Buskens by Cortell.

Send a stamped, addressed legal-size envelope for "Shirts into Cholos" free instruction sheets to The Nimble Thimble Dept., CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Sweet as a sundae in

Soda Fountain Fashions

WHEN he whispers, "Come with me to the Casbah," he's asking you to join him at the Marble Slab for a C.M.P. (Chocolate, marshmallow, peanut sundae). You'll look Hep as Hedy in these crisp cottons.

Above, left to right—Thirteen-year-old Jean Maloney in ruffled striped seersucker by Peggy Paige, about $6. Thirteen-year-old Velma Brennan of Philadelphia picks a Susan Allyn sun-back gem, about $15. Twelve-year-old Maralyn Kleinman of Rockville Centre, N. Y., fits into a Teenable, about $6. They wear Trolley Bows.

In the hearts—Cover Girl Joan Tebbe wears a summer version of your favorite Eton cap by Betmar. Her striped chambray dress frosted with white piqué (see it in color on the front cover) is a Doris Teen by Doris Dodson, one of the first teen fashions from St. Louis. About $8. Her O.A.O. wears a McGregor jacket.

So you want to be a

Cover Girl!

LOOKING at our front cover, you'd think that thirteen-year-old Joan Tebbe just floated into the studio and enjoyed a soda with sixteen-year-old Bob Mulligan while ace photographer William Ward snapped her picture. That's what *you* think.

Here's what really happened. At 9:30 A.M., Joan arrived at the New York studio of famous Hollywood make-up expert Eddie Senz. Here you see Nancy Pepper meeting her at the appointment desk.

It took six hours for Eddie Senz to make Joan over into a glamorous Cover Girl. Here's expert Senz applying his principles of Face Spacing and creating the side-part coiffure that he named the "Jabberwocky Hair-do." It was a long day for Joan — but she loved it! Wouldn't you?

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(*Continued from page 20*)

with her. Jane may complain that her folks allow her no privacy at all. Neither extreme is desirable. Connie is right in looking for some golden mean—just enough of Mother's company at certain times but not at all times. We wonder whether Connie has ever tried to make clear to her mother that while she loves and enjoys her very much and so do her friends, they also feel the need to be together without her sometimes.

When it comes to "suspecting the worst" (and many girls write us that their parents seem to), some young people agree that the more reasons they give their families to trust and respect them the more they win confidence. It helps to talk over just what it is mothers and fathers are afraid of. Do they know their daughters' friends, the kind of people they really are? Do they know where the girls and boys go for fun and how they behave? Are parents so sure of their own daughters that they have faith in their common sense, their self-respect, their understanding, their wise self-control, their good standards?

Since Connie's father is stationed overseas, her mother cannot continue to have the kind of social life of her own she probably enjoyed before. Connie realizes this, and she can understand and sympathize with her mother's desire to be with her daughter and her daughter's friends now and then. Her mother is probably trying to forget her loneliness. Family togetherness means more than ever these days. Older and younger folks need one another's love, affection, and support. But it is to be hoped that Connie's mother may be able to find congenial company among other wives and mothers like herself—both for recreation and to share in all kinds of home-front services. There should always be a place, too, for parties and get-togethers in Connie's home when her

MEET CHARMING, LOVELY PETITEEN
THE BOYS ALL THINK THEY'RE MIGHTY KEEN.
THEY DO NOT SING, OR EVEN CROON
—BUT WHAT THEY WEAR WILL MAKE YOU SWOON.
THEY'RE MUCH TOO SMALL FOR SIZE FIFTEEN
(THEY NEED A SIZE THAT'S IN BETWEEN).

To look JUST RIGHT, they spread the news
that PETITEEN'S the clothes to choose!

Petiteen

If you are too old for 7 to 14's, and too small for teens, Petiteens are just right.

Petiteen sizes: 10, 12, 14, 14A

IN DRESSES AND SPORTSWEAR

Dress made of DRAGONIA, an EVERFAST* fabric
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Exclusive with T. EATON CO., Ltd., in Canada

PETITEEN — 520 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

COLORAMA
A multi-color combination of red, blue, green or yellow. Also popular solid colors including white. About $5.00
Ration-Free
ROPESTERS
BY SANDLER OF BOSTON
BANDY
Guatemala print in a festival of multi-colors. About $5.00
Also popular solid colors including white. About $4.00
At better dealers everywhere, or write
SANDLER BROS. SPECIALTIES CO.
85 South St., Boston, Mass.

LOWER FANTASY . . . beguiling little blossoms on a dee-gee little necklace and bracelet. Take your pick of green, red or yellow flowers with chalk white leaves. Wear them all spring and with your summer duds.
Each $1. Plus 20% U. S. Tax.
At Leading Stores or Write
ACCESSOCRAFT PRODUCTS
389 Fifth Avenue • New York 16, N. Y.

mother may want to join the fun for part of the time and when perhaps some of the other girls' and boys' parents may be able to drop in for a while. The grownups may want to adjourn to another room for a pleasant gathering of their own.

I've met the cutest, nicest boy. I'm crazy to go with him, only I haven't shown him I was. He is very popular. But he never asks me for a date. I don't play up to him very much. What could I sorta say that would inspire him to ask me for a date? How could I hint to him without making him think I'm chasing him?—Alice S., aged 16, Nebraska.

WHETHER or not a girl succeeds in "inspiring" a particular young man to date her depends on a good many things. He may not be ready for dating. He may lack money to spend. He may not want to take out any one girl but prefer to go around in crowds for a while longer. He may be somewhat shy and uncertain about how to go about making specific plans. Or he may have found somebody else whom he *is* dating!

It might help Alice to remember some things which most boys find unattractive. They often say they do not like "cattishness" (for instance, talking about other girls in a mean way). They object to loudness in voices, clothes, or manner. They shy away from possessiveness (the "you-belong-to-me-only" attitude). Many boys say they just do not go for girls who talk either too much or not at all. Turning to the brighter side, they are usually pleased to be seen with girls who look well, act friendly, have a sense of fun and adventure, and above all, prove themselves to be good sports, no matter what happens to upset their plans.

We do not know very much about the tastes and interests of Alice or the boy about whom she writes. Often people are drawn to one another because they have things in common,

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

and many fine friendships have resulted from sharing experiences, discovering the same books and music, planning social or athletic events, doing things for one's school or town. Other people just seem to take to one another without in the least knowing exactly how or why. They just seem to click.

It is not during the early teen-age years but later on that most serious and permanent attachments are usually formed. Special "pairing off" is likely to turn out better when preceded by a variety of friendships. Branching out in friendships is an enriching experience, a voyage of discovery rich in rewards. Girls and boys

need practice in learning how to work and play with one another successfully and happily, in understanding many different types of people, and in sharing varied interests with others.

If Alice is cordial and gracious, and as she has more and more reasons to be sure of herself and her place among the young people in her community, she should succeed in winning and keeping friends. If she does not happen to attract the young man who now seems sort of "special" she will gain nothing by overdoing her efforts. One does not have to high-hat others or pretend no interest where there is some; but, as Alice seems to know, running after a boy is never to be recommended. It is better to "make haste slowly."

RUMBA-
NUMBA
A SKIRT TALE
by Honey Miss
Says Honey Miss, "My newest passion
Is wearing this South American fashion."
It's lovely, it's Latin, it sings of Rio —
It's frilly . . . it flatters — a joy to see-o.
Rhythmic and ruffly, it haunts your slumber,
So, slick chick, step into our Rumba Numba!
Of crisp Honey-Spun rayon faille. In Sweetpea Blue, Pink Camellia, Flower Aqua, Mimosa Yellow, Snow White and Radiant Black. Teen-age sizes. About $5.00 at your favorite store.
No Mail Orders Accepted
MARKON GARMENT CO., INC.
1350 BROADWAY • NEW YORK 18, N.Y.
•Registered

GIVE ME
Slippers
BUT MAKE 'EM
Oomphies

RATION–FREE

(Top)
CHECK MATES
For taxiing around the house. Red, royal or brown plaid. **2.75**

(Bottom)
ALI-BABA
A scuff that's sharp as a pin. Red, light blue or white with candy striped platforms. Sizes 4 to 9. **2.50**

KAYS-Newport
Dept. CAG
NEWPORT, R. I.

Write for illustrated booklet
State regular shoe size to insure correct fit
IT'S SMART TO ORDER BY MAIL

Sew Yourself a Dapper Suit

A COUPLE of yards of cotton, a sharp scissors, and a stout heart—that's all you need to make a Dapper Suit. Oh—and you'll need our free how-to-make-it leaflet, too, and a few yards of eyelet edging for frosting. You'll tie yourself into the bra top, you'll wrap yourself into the panties. Shh, any similarity between our Dapper Suit pants (as sketched above) and the baby's diapers is purely coincidental! Our model is one of the Russel Patterson "Pin Up" mannequins you'll be seeing in store windows.

Send stamped, addressed, legal-size envelope for your free copy of the Dapper Suit instruction leaflet to the Sewing Department of CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

DOUBLE TREASURE

(*Continued from page* 11)

were kept and pulled out the laughing girl. There was general agreement that the Double Treasure was a double treasure indeed. Go-go's brave spirit and Mei-mei's quick wit working together should succeed on this dangerous mission.

The directions for the manufacture of the second wonder drug had come underground to Shanghai, and from thence to Anhwei Province. There were three copies, one of which was to be safely buried in a crevice at the end of a labyrinth in the ninth cave. One copy was to be entrusted to each of the twins. Gentleman Genn reminded them that the papers, if found, would be of no great use to the Eastern Ocean enemy. Even if their papers were taken from them, they were to go on without them if possible, and carry the word to West China that such directions were hidden in Anhwei Province. The plan was for the twins to separate, with places of meeting agreed upon at certain stages of their trip. Thus, should one of them fall into the enemy's hands, the other still might carry the mission through successfully.

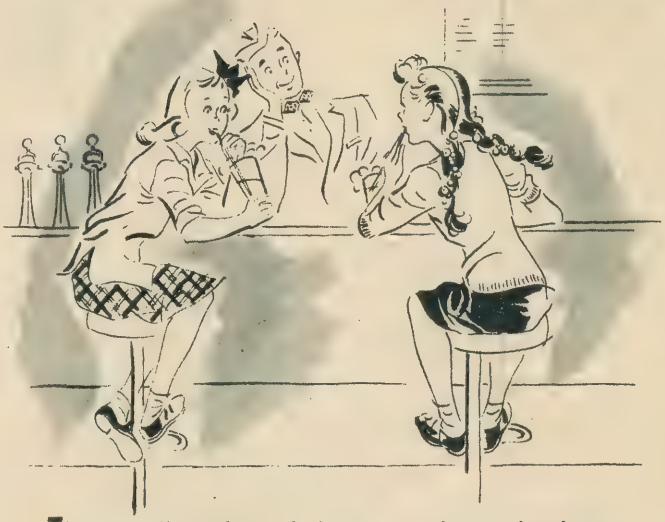
With her father reminding her that calmness was essential to the success of the quest, Mei-mei tried to face reality. She was eager to go, and with Go-go she had no fear. She did not realize what separation from her twin would mean or all that was involved in the trip. Her father sought to impress these things on her.

"Daughter," he said, "remember that yours is not the only copy of the directions. Think of yours as the third and least important. You have never done anything alone. If you are overcome with fear before you reach the Upper Yangtze, come home."

Mei-mei gave him a fleeting glance of amused wonder, and answered, "Am I not, too, a Chinese?"

Go-go's copy of the document of directions was placed in a

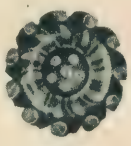
Hi, Slick Chicks
seen the latest giddy gadgets?



They're all made with buttons... those droolsome buttons by La Mode. Be a triple charge and flash them at the Soda Fountain.

SPARKLE YOUR WRIGGLES... pick the brightest buttons and braid them in your pigtails.

CREAM PUFF, YOU'RE DREAM STUFF when you string La Mode's flower buttons into tummy-length beads with bracelet to match.



"ZOWIE," HE SAYS when you flash your La Mode earrings ...a pair of glitter buttons, ear screws and a drop of glue do the trick.

AND EVERY GLAMOUR PUSS KNOWS that La Mode buttons on her sweaters, suits and dresses make them strictly whistle-bait!

YOU'LL FIND A WHOLE SHARP ARRAY AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE TODAY!

La Mode® BUTTONS

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY

B. BLUMENTHAL & CO., INC., 1372-82 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y. • BUTTON SPECIALISTS SINCE 1877

Miss Coroteen says
STRICTLY WHISTLE BAIT! PLENTY POTENT WITH "SOUTH OF THE BORDER" CHARM! YOU'LL WANT THEM FOR SWEATERS, PLAYSUITS, DIRNDLS . . . EVERYTHING!
Jangling beads on gilt chain in the gayest, most glamorous peasant colors!
$1.00 EACH
plus federal tax
at your favorite store in the United States
Coro
Teens by Coro New York • Chicago • Toronto

NEW TWIST FOR YOUR WRIST...
COLLEGE CLASSICS
Just the thing for creamy rope-jumpers — a new crushed leather handbag with a T.N.T. plastic bracelet for a handle, and the shape you love to clutch! Black, brown, navy, red, turftan, white, and all pastel colors.
About $4.00*
*Plus 20% Tax
At better stores everywhere, or write
BELT-MODES, 1 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.
In Canada at James Hodge Co., Ltd., Montreal

casual packet of papers which contained an oath of loyalty to the Sun God which had been taken from the dead body of one of the Eastern Ocean men, a foreign calendar, and a Chinese list of the signs of the zodiac. All these Go-go would show freely in case of arrest.

The disposition of Mei-mei's copy had been both harder and easier. Her mother was frankly troubled about letting Mei-mei go on such a mission, but the mother, too, was a Chinese to whom risk was less important than victory. She spent her heart not on worry but on resourcefulness.

"You should either forget all your tricks or remember the cleverest one at the right time, I know not which," she told her daughter.

"Maybe both," answered the girl, who at the moment was juggling balls in the sunlight. Her mother looked at her in such perplexity that Mei-mei knew she must suggest something.

"We could put the document in one of these balls," she said.

She stopped her juggling as she spoke, and she and her mother reached the same conclusion simultaneously.

"It could be done," they cried.

And quickly it was. Mei-mei's balls were of a special soft clay. The document, folded as small as possible, was placed in the center of the green ball which was carefully remolded to the size of the red and the blue ones.

"Green is for life," said Mother Tong. "Remember?" And Mei-mei remembered.

Getting to the Big River was easy. They had but to walk all night. At dawn they separated, Go-go to go on to the river port to take a boat and Mei-mei to find a familiar cove where some Buddhist nuns would see that she found passage up the river.

In the gray dawn Mei-mei realized her loneliness. But she was not afraid. This was all in the plan. She walked rapidly and reached the cove. One of the nuns had decided to escort her part way. At nightfall of the first day the nun took a re-

turning boat, but still Mei-mei felt safe with the friendly boat people. No one asked questions of this mite of a girl traveling alone.

While fortune had favored Mei-mei at every turn, Go-go had been delayed. He had expected to be in Hankow ahead of his sister, but she failed to find him at the storyteller's circle, the place of meeting on which they had agreed.

Mei-mei sat down unhappily on an old bench which had once been the storyteller's. There were no storytellers now, but Mei-mei could remember when even her small country town had had its storyteller around whom people crowded to hear wonder tales. The storyteller's circle everywhere was the public place for amusement —the marionettes, the musicians, the magicians, and the storytellers.

Once at a farm festival when she was a small girl Mei-mei had juggled her balls in the circle. Now, with a plan in mind, she reached for the colored balls. If Go-go did not come today, she must get in touch with the underground, and find a place to wait for him. A crowd quickly gathered to watch her colored balls fly through the sunlight with never a slip. Her feet tinkled to a song of her own making.

In the days of Yao and Swen
'twas said
The Middle Kingdom would
ne'er be dead.
That was five thousand years
ago;
Shall the Eastern Ocean men
lay us low?
No, I tell you, by Yao and Swen
Never, never shall this be done.

Yao-and-Swen was the guerrilla password and by its use Mei-mei was trying to locate some member of the underground. She continued to hum her chorus as she tossed her balls.

As her feet came to rest and she dropped her colored balls in her pocket, a prosperous looking man stepped forward.

"Tonight is my son's mar-

Rita rode off on a spirited horse

...but HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair lovely of course!

• Why is a bobby pin? To *hold* your hair —smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends . . . and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOBS America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.

© 1945, Gaylord Products Incorporated, Chicago 16, Illinois

HOLD-BOBS
"The bobby pins that HOLD"

Hankie Trix
By BURMEL
Accentuate the positive! Take two gay Burmel hankies . . . fold each in half. Gather open long edges together with running stitches ½" from hem. Tack side by side, gathers at waist. Gollee a bustle!
Write today for your free booklet of Burmel Hankie Trix . . . witty wizardry that turns handkerchiefs into your pet accessory. Burmel Handkerchiefs are on sale at leading stores everywhere. Sorry, no direct orders filled.
Burmel
385 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

Poll Parrot
Polly DEBS
you're clickin', chicken when you're wearin'
Be first in YOUR crowd to ankle around in the new Polly Debs ... the shoes we 'specially designed for chicks who get around! Easy on the eyes, heaven on your dogs, the talk of the town.
ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND
DIV. INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS

riage," he said. "Even in times like these we may pause for a bit of merriment. Would the little dancer of Yao-and-Swen honor our feast with her presence?"

His use of the magic password assured Mei-mei of the rightness of what she was doing. But as she turned to go with the gentleman, there stood Go-go! He had placed himself on the path from the circle they must take, and Mei-mei saw him now for the first time. She must act quickly.

"I am Yao," she told him mischievously. "Pray, who are you?"

"Of a certainty I am Swen," Go-go answered soberly.

Then Mei-mei turned toward her host gentleman and said significantly, "We travel together, Yao and Swen?" to which he answered, "Assuredly."

There was no wedding, and Merchant Ling had no son. There was nothing of merriment in the bombed house in which the Double Treasure found themselves. But Merchant Ling was part of the underground by which they must travel. They had hoped to go on by boat, but this was not practical. Merchant Ling, however, could tell them the roads to take and the places to stop. He saw no reason why they should not go on together, separating as occasion demanded.

A long trek lay ahead of them, but Mei-mei relaxed in Go-go's care. Both of them had grown accustomed to travel. They slept by day at the underground stations and traveled by night. On and on and on—only the fifty million refugees who had gone that way before knew the far-reaching breadth of the Middle Kingdom.

The way became almost monotonous, but the monotony was rudely broken, as they came to the environs of Chungking. How should they know where the Eastern Ocean enemy would challenge? It came like the shot of a gun at dawn—"Halt!" In a split second Go-go managed to whisper to his sis-

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS

ter, "Dance, Mei-mei, dance!"

She was dancing and juggling her balls in the morning sunlight before the Eastern Ocean soldiers had begun to line up their prisoners, a group of several farmers amiably going to market. They had been searched before and had nothing to fear. In amusement they watched the little dancing girl while Go-go was being searched.

The Eastern Ocean soldiers looked carefully at his packet of papers. The document of directions seemed not to interest them. They passed up the calendar and the zodiac. It was the oath of allegiance to the Sun God that held their interest.

"This is yours?" they asked.

"Mine," Go-go answered.

"You serve our Nanking government?" Mei-mei had danced near enough to hear that question. She listened breathlessly.

"I serve Nanking," answered Go-go. Mei-mei knew his reservation on that; he served his fellow countrymen in Nanking or anywhere else.

She dared linger no longer, but as she danced away she heard their demand. "Very well. Do your obeisance to to the Sun God. Bow down and worship our Eastern Ocean Emperor."

Mei-mei dropped a ball. She had already lost her audience, who now watched curiously to see what the fate of the prisoner might be. She began tossing the balls carelessly as though only to amuse herself, but she moved up to the edge of the group. She knew without looking or hearing what would happen. Even to save his own life, Go-go would never worship the Eastern Ocean Emperor.

Even in the shock of that moment, Mei-mei's hand clasped tightly her green ball. Go-go was being led away by the Eastern Ocean enemy, perhaps to die. For some lesser crime, his young strong body might have been spared for coolie service in the enemy camp, but to deny the Emperor, the Sun God, was the

SOMETIMES MEN AREN'T SO DUMB!
SAYS PEGGY LUX
HERE'S A TRUE STORY
OH, PEGGY, LISTEN TO WHAT TED WRITES — IMAGINE, HE'S DOING HIS OWN LAUNDRY!
PART 2
I wash my good wool shirts with Lux and they come out fresh and clean as new and fit fine!
Ted
TED CAN WASH WOOLEN SHIRTS... AND I CAN'T EVEN WASH A SWEATER. SEE THIS ONE—ALMOST SHRUNK TO NOTHING!
THE DIFFERENCE IS LUX CARE. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW EASY IT IS TO LUX SWEATERS —AND THEY STAY LIKE NEW LONGER!

Sweaters are precious these days. Never risk strong soaps or cake-soap rubbing. Give them this safe Lux care:

1. **Draw outline** of sweater for size.
2. **Squeeze extra-rich,** lukewarm Lux suds through garment; rinse well in water the same temperature as suds.
3. **Roll in a Turkish towel** to remove excess moisture. Unroll at once.
4. **Pin to outline** with rustproof pins.

THRIFTY GIRLS ALWAYS USE LUX!

Weatherbee
FASHIONED BY Triangle
FOR RAIN OR SHINE
REG.
Eyes front . . . that's the order of the day when you wear this wonderful Weatherbee rain'n'shine coat! Of lightweight, Zelan-processed Clipper Twill that takes smartly to roomy pockets and military shoulder flaps. Pre-shrunk and vat-dyed, too, so it stays bright as new when laundered or dry-cleaned. Gold, sky-blue or beige. Girls' sizes 7 to 14. At better stores. About $12.95
TRIANGLE RAINCOAT CO., Inc.
520 Eighth Ave., New York 18

supreme insult. Mei-mei whispered to herself, "But we are Chinese." Go-go could not have acted differently.

That night Mei-mei slept on the ground. But she slept from exhaustion of body and spirit. When she awakened, she knew what she must do. She must press on alone. If Go-go was dead, China had one less man to serve her. And in the green ball Mei-mei held life for thousands.

Mei-mei felt herself growing taller as, straight and strong, she went on her way. Through small villages, larger towns, and the open country, she went westward. At times she was questioned by unfriendly strangers and gave them stupid answers. She danced and she juggled, she laughed and she sang.

"A foolish child," the Eastern Ocean men who had captured her brother had called her, "not worth taking prisoner." Mei-mei knew she must get through on her foolishness. She slept in abandoned temples and in caves. Occasionally the password of Yao-and-Swen brought her abundant food supplies and a real rest in some friendly farmhouse.

Three months after she left home and a month after the loss of Go-go, Mei-mei came into a strange city to find the work-together sign over a recently erected building. She had come upon the headquarters of a province.

"What is your skill?" the workers asked her, as they asked everyone. Automatically, she began to dance and juggle her balls. There was a cheer from the workers, as she stopped and bowed to the floor.

"But this," she raised her green ball, "this is important. May I see your chief?"

She saw him, and she told him, and she unmolded the ball, while he and his technical assistant stood spellbound.

"This means life for thousands, little sister!" exclaimed the technician as he read the document. "How did you do it?"

And Mei-mei gave him the only answer she knew. "I, too," she said, "am a Chinese."

Fiesta
BY Labtex
Fiesta by Labtex — a smooth little number if ever there was one! Slick, white sharkskin is snugly buttoned all the way up to a squared-off collared neckline . . . a dress that will step from graduation into summer sports, and be out of this world for both!
sizes 10 to 16 about $8
at better stores everywhere
Juniorette
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BY KAY CAHILL
a division of the
Rainbow
C. D. COMPANY
520 Eighth Avenue · New York 18, N. Y.

ALL-AMERICAN WATER BABY

(*Continued from page 7*)

explains, "nothing bothers me. I just concentrate on swimming."

She must have done some very fancy swimming during her national debut, for she climbed up on land dripping not only with water, but honors as well. She'd taken first place in the 150-meter event.

In 1943, and again last year, she sewed up the long distance record in a spectacular three-mile race through lake water. Her time in 1944 was one hour, eighteen minutes, thirty-two seconds — thirty-four seconds faster than that of the previous titleholder.

"That was some day!" Florence says emphatically. "Seaweed kept slithering around in our mouths. And we didn't have lanes the way you do in pools, so every time we came near a turn, somebody's foot was likely to shoot out and hit us in the face."

But seaweed, feet, three miles and all, Florence hit home with honor. And she reaped the reward of champions soon afterward when her name went up among the All-America swimmers of the year.

Florence is shining proof of the old adage that the busier you are, the easier it is for you to accomplish things. She invests every bit of her five feet eight inches and 140 pounds of dynamic energy in the business of living, and she gets it back with interest. "I have a wonderful time" is the way she sums it all up. Swimming is her first love, but the only time she lets it interfere with school activities is the one week in the spring when the national championships lure her out of town. A sophomore at Port Washington High School, Florence looks upon her schoolwork with an unprejudiced eye. As for sports, well, she plays no favorites—except swimming, of course. She's part and parcel of all school athletics, plays hockey and basketball in season, goes boating on the Sound.

Don't just grin and bear it!

THERE'S A FAR EASIER WAY.....

This is no Pollyanna story to console girls who are completely miserable during "difficult days." But it's a simple and positive fact that menstruation need not take all the joy out of life every month.

Once you thoroughly understand this perfectly natural and normal process called menstruation—learn that Kotex* can keep you comfortable and confident—you'll find there's plenty of fun to be had every day in the month!

For Kotex *stays soft while wearing*, has a special safety center to prevent "accidents", and its patented, flat tapered ends mean no revealing lines.

Send for this booklet

"As One Girl To Another" is a grand booklet that tells you all the why's and wherefore's of menstruation . . . gives you a helpful list of do's and don'ts so you can take intelligent care of yourself . . . includes a convenient calendar so you can plan your activities.

Every girl should read it from cover to cover, if she wants to stay in the fun *all* the time!

Send for your FREE copy right this minute! Just fill out and mail this coupon.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FREE! Fill in your name and address. Then mail this coupon to Post Office Box 3434, Chicago 54, Ill., for your free copy of "As One Girl To Another".

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Teen Town's "Turn-a-bout"*
* Design Pat. Pending
The Springtime Duet
Here's sheer magic, four bags in one! Not only can you reverse the sides, but each half is a bag in itself. Fold it one way and it's printed faille on both sides. Fold it over and presto, you have a solid red or navy bag on both sides. It can be slipped over the shoulder, has change purse and mirror, and oodles of room for all your doodads. It also comes in solid red with solid navy. About $3.
At your favorite store or write for name of nearest store to PYRAMID, 27 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.
PYRAMID
Teen Town
FOR THE BEAM FOR TEENS

Strictly T.N.T. ★ . . .
JABBERWOCKY
Band Leaders*
A DAYSON CREATION
About $1.00 each
Here's the newest trick-for-teens . . . gay ribbon Band Leaders* embroidered with your favorite jabberwocky. Your choice of six "smart sayings" in six bright color combinations. All made with real elastic band (no tie-back) . . . all plenty smooth, but definitely! Choose your favorite, now!
SMART SAYINGS:
"DON'T FENCE ME IN"
"TAKEN"
"JE T' ADORE"
"DATE BAIT"
"GOIN' FISHIN'?"
"BUZZ ME"
COLORS:
Available in the new smart spring shades.
★ TRIM, NEAT and TERRIFIC
ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE TEEN DEPARTMENT...OR WRITE
*Trademark
MAX DAVIS & SONS, 1270 B'way, New York 1, N. Y.

Florence never sings the blues when it comes to swimming practice. She knows it takes stick-to-itiveness to worm your way into the front ranks, and to stay there, too. Traveling into New York three times a week all year around has made her club as familiar a landmark to her as the neighborhood movie theater. She's practically positive she could find it with her eyes shut. She averages three miles in the water each time, and on Saturdays she tops off her own practice by teaching a class of seven-year-olds.

"They get in my hair sometimes," she says, shaking her head, "but then I think about how I was at their age, and I decide they're little angels."

Florence enjoys passing on to others the tricks of her trade. It's all part of her ultimate ambition, you see. She wants to be a physical education teacher someday, or maybe she'll specialize in swimming instruction. At any rate, she plans to go to college first.

When the summer comes, the water wizards go on the road for exhibition tours. Even before she was twelve, Florence had performed for servicemen and other groups near her home town—at Lido Park, Long Island, for instance, and Governor's Island. But the slice of America she's seen since is a man-sized hunk in anybody's travelogue. Vermont, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas, California—each has a special place in Florence's memory book. She doesn't just skim the surface either; she can tell you a lot about this great country of ours and the different kinds of people who make it what it is.

Right now, Florence is busy pasting up a scrapbook, something to show her grandchildren when she's old and gray. From where we're sitting, there won't be any doubts fifty or sixty years from now that Grandma was quite a girl in her teens—a swimming sensation in the United States, and, we'll wager, an Olympic star to boot.

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS

TRICKS for TEENS

Stop Scowling, Sister! — These clothes tips will make slick chicks out of you even if you don't buy a single thing the rest of spring. You can fix that saggy-necked sweater and add a new note to your neckline by binding the neck with harmonizing ribbon, leaving ends long enough to tie in a generous bow in the front.—*Carol J. Amidon, Baton Rouge, La.* For a "just-right" effect, appliqué, on the elbows and pockets of your old sports jacket, pieces of soft leather cut from a discarded handbag.—*Betty Cherkas, Sioux City, Iowa.* Give your wardrobe a spring tonic by making a jerkin out of a baby blanket. Buy a pattern or use an old jerkin to cut by. The colors are lush!—*Mousie D. Newman, Indianapolis, Ind.* How about a new CARDigan? Just sew a few playing cards—jokers preferred—to the back and front of your cardigan and you've got something new and different.—*Betty Kilmer, Hemet, Calif.* Girls as well as boys are discovering that a T-shirt worn under a cardigan or V-necked sweater is smart stuff.—*Joanne Lennox, Hinsdale, Ill.* And for a fresh new dickie under your suit, pin a print hankie across both your slip-straps and button the suit over it so that only the top of the "dickie" shows at the neck.—*Dorothy Cadman, Winnipeg, Man.* To top off your outfit you'll want to wear your boxy coat slung casually over your shoulders. Get two 12-inch pieces of ribbon that harmonize with the coat. Sew one end of one piece firmly about five inches above the waistline of the coat, just where the lining joins the facing, and sew the other end about five inches below the waist. (Inside the coat, of course!) Now repeat this on the other half of the coat with the second piece of ribbon. Then, when you slip the coat on, slide your arms through the ribbon loops, and your coat will stay with you even if you run.—*Dolly Getey, Mahanoy City, Pa.* A smart girl in England suggests that zippers sewed on the pockets of your skirts or jackets will give you a safe place to carry small things when you don't want to bother with a purse. Zippers are available in colors again, and here's a grand chance for contrasts!—*Eileen A. Raley, Poulton-le-Fylde, Lancashire, England.*

$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address Tricks for Teens, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

FUNdamental Foolishness — A new idea for decorating your blouses, scarves, and socks is to embroider them (yes, but you haven't heard the rest of this yet!) with slogans from your medicine chest; try "Poison,"

Play Days Convertible
... for backyard or boulevard
You'll accentuate the positive — but beautifully — in this smooth Play Suit with wrap-around skirt for in-town gallivanting. Ruffled trim, pleated shorts, and buttons down the back for beau-stuff. Fashioned of fine, washable rayon in large floral print on pastel backgrounds of pink, blue, green, and maize. Sizes 10 to 16. Around $11 Complete
STYLED BY Barbelle
Sold at Leading Stores Everywhere or write to
BARBELLE SPORTSWEAR, 86 Essex St., Boston 11, Mass.
New York Showrooms: 1384 Broadway

Chubbette Says

It's trilled for fun and frolic,
This snazzy sun-back frock.
It's made of Starspun* gingham...
You'll wear it 'round the clock!

With deep 'n' roomy pockets,
And that stunning plaid design,
Each time you put this dress on
You'll say "I'm proud it's mine!"

Chubbette REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FOR STOUT GIRLS
in Dan River Starspun*

Sizes: 10½ to 16½
About $5

At leading stores, or write:

L. GIDDING & CO.
520 Eighth Avenue
New York 18, N. Y.

*reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

"99% Alcohol," and anything else that strikes your fancy.—*Virginia Ripple, Dodge City, Kans.* You've all seen those little yarn jitterbug dolls; you've probably made them yourself. Now make an enormous one, using yarn twenty inches long, and pin or sew it across the front of your sweater. It looks super in both size and style.—*Betty A. Hurt, Central Park, N. J.* When you put a scarf over your head, hold the ends under your chin in your left hand, and with the right hand slip a ring over them. Push the ring up as far as it will go, and there you have a new fad and a well-anchored scarf with the same quick trick.—*Imelda Aubé, Bathurst, N. B.* If you are wearing a baby blanket for a scarf, an ordinary ring will be too small for that trick. It's still a good trick, though, if you use a napkin ring.—*Barbara A. Dow, Lowell, Mass.*

Slick as a Whistle—That's the way your grooming should be, of course. Make or buy yourself a bib with a pocket across the bottom, and wear it when you apply make-up or fix your new upswept hair-do. The pocket will hold your comb, bobby pins, lipstick, and all the other little gadgets you need; the bib will keep your clothes from tell-tale flecks of powder.—*Sally Schmitt, Omaha, Neb.* A toothbrush is better than a hairbrush, because it's easier to use, when you're making small curls.—*Chizu Kaneno, Poston, Ariz.* Do your nails need buffing, and are buffers out of stock at your stores? Then get a large cotton powder puff and buff 'em bright—it works fine.—*Adeline Allen, Front Royal, Va.*

Don't worry if the next issue of CALLING ALL GIRLS is a little late.

There are apt to be unavoidable delays in publishing during wartime. Not only must the use of paper be limited, but sometimes printing and mailing are held up. So please be patient if your copy does not appear on the same day each month. It will be ready as soon as possible, and we hope that if you have to wait a little while for it, you'll be even more eager, when it comes, to see what's in the newest issue of your favorite magazine—

CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Lanz
668 FIFTH AVE. N.Y.

STINKY *Lapel Pin*

made of real furs and ermine tails

My name is STINKY. I am a skunk... but a good one. I like flowers and perfume and going places. How about you?

People will look at me on your lapel but you won't have to hide, 'cause I am house broken.

Let's be Pals!

At your favorite store plus 20c Federal Tax **$1**

Or write to
OSCAR SCHREYER CO.
260 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

SUMMER STUFF

(*Continued from page 14*)

several corners that are beginning to show the ravages of her wartime economy. Doing something about them can be pretty satisfying in the process, and satisfying afterward, when your friends or your mothers admire your skill.

I have discovered by personal experience that both painting and upholstering need only an infinite capacity for taking pains. Anybody can put paint on smoothly if she takes enough trouble. And anybody can pin fabric on a chair and then sew the seams, if she's willing to take her time about it and use plenty of pins. A word of caution, though: If you're doing something for your own room, probably nobody will mind much if you attempt something a little on the bizarre side; but if it's a living-room chair you're tackling, it's always a good idea to confer with your parents about it first, so you don't wind up with something that drives the rest of the family to dark glasses and to rude remarks cast in your direction.

Whatever you do around the house—a slick refurbishing of the porch furniture, or a complete overhaul job on your own room—the more thought you give it, the more exciting it will be. Study pictures of model rooms, prowl around the yard-goods department of the stores, play with color charts, and make color sketches ahead of time. Explore the attic to see if you can't find discarded furniture or materials you could use. There are few more enchanting occupations than Doing Over, and you might as well make the most of your chances. And besides, many a teen-ager has discovered a heretofore unsuspected talent for home decorating in just such a project.

That reminds me: What about Doing Over some of your clothes, too? And after you've proved your skill on a few made-overs, you might buy some of those beautiful cottons that manufacturers are whipping up these days, and make

AN ORIGINAL
"Sally Mason"
CREATION
Carnival
What fun! A midriff playsuit with printed cotton gabardine top — white gabardine shorts—gracefully pleated. A sash accents the waistline. An original SALLY MASON creation. Sizes 10 to 16 and 9 to 15. Around $8.
At all Leading Stores Everywhere... or write
Sally Mason INC.
498 SEVENTH AVE. · NEW YORK 18, N.Y.
Your Choice for Quality... Today and Tomorrow...
Sally Mason Blouses and Playsuits

GOLLY WOGS
SOFT 'n SWANKY
Do Reet by Your Feet
• Simply wonderful casual shoes! Flexible as can be, yet extra long-wearing, too. • Choice of all leather or all rubber heels and soles. Great moola-savers at only $3 and $4.
No. 5790
Holliday
PETERS, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY · ST. LOUIS, MO.
Makers of Weatherized WEATHER BIRD Shoes

Today the Day?

SAY "Sanapak" —and be safe!

NEW-DESIGN SANITARY NAPKINS GIVE YOU

Triple-Protection

New-Design SAN-NAP-PAKS give a wonderful feeling of comfort, safety. Made with special "Pink Layers" to give *triple protection!* Cotton faced for comfort—sleek tapered ends. All at no extra cost. So—*say "SANAPAK"!*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

SAN-NAP-PAK

"Don't Fence Me In"

That's my theme song . . . although I've no ring-sized waistline.

No need to suffer for a whittled waistline nowadays, gals . . . we've found a girdle that doesn't "fence you in"! It's a *Velvet Grip,* and it slims you down to model size . . . without that *corseted* feeling.

In *Velvet Grip,* you can still dance the Lindy or bowl three strings and still be c-o-m-f-y.

Don't think HE won't notice the smooth fit of that new frill . . . of *all* your clothes (when you wear a *Velvet Grip.*)

Velvet Grip

FOUNDATIONS — GARTER BELTS
HOSE SUPPORTERS

George Frost Company, 551 Tremont Street, Boston 16, Mass.

yourself a play suit straight out of your dreams, or a cotton evening dress designed especially to show off your new tan and your new figure.

Then there's The Community. You've probably learned more about your town in the past few years than you ever thought you'd know. You've been serving on committees and drives, and you've discovered the warm sense of neighborliness that always comes from working together. But don't forget that the needs you've been answering exist in summer as well as in winter, so don't put your energy away with your school notebooks. If you don't sign up with Camp Fire Girls, Girl Scouts, 4-H, or some other organization, you might work up a group of your own. Collect your friends and offer yourselves as a unit to help the Red Cross, to some hospital in need of messengers or other untrained help, or to whatever community job most appeals to you.

You can fill a real need and earn money too by taking over some of the home-front jobs that harassed mothers these days need help with. People *always* need someone-to-sit-with-the-baby. Or what about forming an errand service to relieve busy mothers? Or a dog-walking crew? And maybe if your own little sister doesn't need tutoring, someone else's youngster does. It doesn't have to be arithmetic—it might be tennis.

You might also consider, if you haven't already, serving your community and yourself by taking a real, regular job this summer. A brief glance at the Help Wanted—Female columns will prove to you how many ways there are in which you can aid the harassed businessmen of your community—and any one of them would aid you too. Whether you earn money — (and who would sneeze at a weekly pay check?) or whether you do a volunteer job, you'll be finding out important things about yourself: how much responsibility you can take, how much initiative you have, how well you work

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

with people and take orders, and, in general, how the grown-up world of business operates and how you fit into it. As an aid to vocational guidance, summer jobs are invaluable, and they may save you years of futile job-sampling when you're older by giving you advance information on what sort of work you like and do best.

Well, a happy and a busy summer to you. And isn't it strange how frequently those two words are synonymous? (Though I don't mean to belittle the happy custom of Just Loafing, and I think there should be some of it in everybody's summer.) I don't expect you to take my suggestions too literally, but I would like to enter a small plea that, when you're thinking ahead to the days when school's out, you plan a few activities involving things-outside-yourself. If you do that I can guarantee that you'll have something to sing as loudly about at the end of the summer as you had when first you heard the cuccu's song and knew summer was icumen in.

Everybody's talking about the swell stories, comics, articles, other features that always appear in

CALLING ALL GIRLS

Here are some that are

coming soon

in your favorite magazine—

GAP IN THE WALL

A fine story about two girls and how they saved their friendship.

JUDY WING

Your beloved character comes back to many new adventures.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO CAMP!

And you want to make the most of it. This feature tells you how to do that—and have lots of fun.

GEMS AWAY!

Soft weave cotton T-shirt
in three sporting
color combinations.
Small–medium–large.
At fine stores only...$2.25.
Other Regina sweaters
from $2.50 to $17.95.

America's Loveliest Sweaters
GEMS by Regina OF CHICAGO

REGINA KNIT SPORTSWEAR CO.
CHICAGO

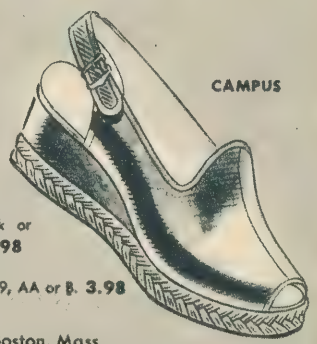
Yippee! they're Ration Free!

CROSSPATCH

Ropesters

BY SANDLER OF BOSTON

BANDY



CAMPUS

CROSSPATCH Red, green, royal blue, pastel blue, multicolor, beige, brown, white or black fabric, 4 to 9, AA or B. **4.98**

BANDY Red, blue, green, yellow, brown, black or white fabric, 4 to 9, AA or B. **3.98**

CAMPUS Black, brown or white fabric, 4 to 9, AA or B. **3.98**

Charge Accounts

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

wilbar's, 166 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

College Shops at Wellesley, Northampton and Poughkeepsie

On Fifth Avenue, The Emily Shops

right on the beam in your new **Pre-teen**

If you're 10 to 14 —if you want grown-up allure for your wardrobe, then ask for Pre-Teen Fashions at your favorite store. They glamorize, slenderize, fit your figure perfectly.

Illustrated: Style No. 869, in Crosscord, a cool, crisp fabric by DAN RIVER. Trimmed in eyelet Batiste embroidery. Red, Blue or Green candy stripes on white. Pre-teen sizes 10-12-14, about $6.00

PARAMOUNT C. D. CO.
520 – 8th Avenue, New York 18

These Cataclysmic Suspenders Prove You're an Able Grable

only **$1.00**

They're Really Sumpin — Adjustable, clip on, and made of gay two colored felt with your own name, your club name or your school name (one word only) embroidered **FREE** in contrasting color.

Colors: Red and green with white name • Red and white with red name • Blue and white with blue name.

Order Now, Prompt Delivery

GADGETS-BY-MAIL
1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

GADGETS-BY-MAIL, Dept. CAG5
1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

Please embroider the following.....
.....
on my "Suspend-o-Graph" suspenders.
Send me.....suspenders at $1.00 each, or 3 for $2.75.....(Why not order one in each color to go with different outfits.)

☐ **WHITE ON RED** ☐ **RED ON GREEN** ☐ **WHITE ON BLUE**

Save C.O.D. charges by sending payment with order. Payment herewith ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY..... STATE.....

Fashions— O.K.'d by CALLING ALL GIRLS

(or similar fashions) in teen departments of the Official Headquarters Stores listed below:

*Akron, Ohio.....The M. O'Neil Co.
*Albany, N. Y.....Wonder Shop
*Albuquerque, N. M.....Kistler, Collister & Co.
Allentown, Pa.....Hess Brothers
*Altoona, Pa.....The Wm. F. Gable Co.
*Amarillo, Tex.....White & Kirk
*Asheville, N. C.....Ivey's, Inc.
*Ashtabula, Ohio.....Carlisle Allen Co.
Augusta, Ga.....Saxon Cullum, Inc.
Augusta, Me.....D. W. Adams Co.
*Baltimore, Md.....Stewart & Co.
*Baton Rouge, La.....Godchaux's
*Binghamton, N. Y.....McLean's Dept. Store
*Birmingham, Ala.....Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Inc.
Boise, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
*Bowling Green, Ky.....Morton's, Inc.
Bridgeport, Conn.....The D. M. Read Co.
Bristol, Conn.....Muzzy Bros. Co., Inc.
Brockton, Mass.....John F. Coleman, Inc.
Burlington, Vt.....Abernethy Clarkson Wright
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....H. N. Craemer
*Champaign, Ill.....W. Lewis & Co.
*Charleston, W. Va.....The Diamond Store
*Charlotte, N. C.....J. B. Ivey & Co.
*Chattanooga, Tenn.....Miller Bros. Co.
*Chicago, Ill.....The Fair, Inc.
Cincinnati, Ohio.....John Shilloto Co.
Clarksburg, W. Va.....The Parsons-Souders Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.....The Stearn Co.
*Clinton, Iowa.....John D. Van Allen & Son, Inc.
*Colorado Springs, Colo.....Kaufman's, Inc.
*Columbia, S. C.....James L. Tapp Co., Inc.
*Columbus, Ga.....J. A. Kirven Co.
Columbus, Ohio.....F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Danville, Va.....L. Herman
Davenport, Iowa.....Peterson-Harned-Von Maur, Inc.
*Dayton, Ohio.....The Elder & Johnston Co.
*Decatur, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
*Denver, Colo.....Joslin Dry Goods Co.
Derby, Conn.....The Tweed Shop
*Des Moines, Iowa.....Younkers
*Detroit, Mich.....Crowley, Milner & Co.
*Duluth, Minn.....Oreck's
Easton, Pa.....Eagle Youth Centre
*Eau Claire, Wis.....The Fashion Store
Elgin, Ill.....Ackemann Bros.
Elizabeth, N. J.....R. J. Goerke Co.
*Elk City, Okla.....Burr Store
*El Paso, Tex.....Popular Dry Goods Co.
*Evansville, Ind.....The Baby Shop
Everett, Wash.....Rumbaugh-MacLain
*Fairmont, W. Va.....J. M. Hartley & Son Co.
*Fargo, N. D.....O. J. DeLendrecie Co.
*Fond du Lac, Wis.....Hill Brothers
Fort Wayne, Ind.....Grand Leader
Fremont, Nebr.....The Brown-McDonald Company
Gainesville, Fla.....Wilson Co.
Gary, Ind.....H. Gordon & Sons
Geneva, N. Y.....J. W. Smith Dry Goods Co.
*Grand Rapids, Mich.....Herpolsheimer Co.
Great Falls, Mont.....Strain Brothers
*Green Bay, Wis.....H. C. Prange Co.
Greensburg, Pa.....The Bon Ton
*Greenville, S. C.....Meyers-Arnold Co.
Hamilton, Ohio.....Wilmurs, Inc.
*Harrisburg, Pa.....Bowman & Co.
*Hartford, Conn.....Brown Thomson, Inc.
Hornell, N. Y.....Tuttle & Rockwell Co.
*Houston, Tex.....Palais Royal
*Huntington, W. Va.....Huntington Dry Goods Co.
*Hutchinson, Kan.....Wiley Dry Goods Co.
Idaho Falls, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.....Wm. H. Block Co.
*Jackson, Mich.....Stillman Dry Goods Co.
Jackson, Miss.....R. E. Kennington Co.
*Jacksonville, Fla.....Cohen Bros.
*Jamestown, N. Y.....Abrahamson Bigelow Co.
*Johnstown, Pa.....Penn Traffic Co.
*Joliet, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
*Jonesboro, Ark.....Heinemann Dry Goods Co.
Kankakee, Ill.....The Fair Stores Co.
*Kansas City, Mo.....George B. Peck, Inc.
*Knoxville, Tenn.....Miller's, Inc.
*La Crosse, Wis.....Doerflinger's Dept. Store
Lancaster, Pa.....M. T. Garvin & Co.
Lewiston, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Lewiston, Me.....B. Peck Co.
*Lexington, Ky.....Ben Snyder, Inc.
*Lima, Ohio.....The Leader Store
*Lincoln, Nebr.....Gold & Co.
*Little Rock, Ark.....The M. M. Cohn Co.
Logan, Utah.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Long Beach, Calif.....Walker's
Los Angeles, Calif.....The May Co.
Louisville, Ky.....Stewart Dry Goods Company
Lynchburg, Va.....Guggenheimer's, Inc.
*Macon, Ga.....Burden Smith & Co.
*Madison, Wis.....Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
*Manchester, N. H.....James W. Hill Co.
Memphis, Tenn.....J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
*Meridian, Miss.....Alex Loeb, Inc.
Middletown, N. Y.....Tompkins Dry Goods Co.
*Milwaukee, Wis.....Gimbel Brothers
*Morgantown, W. Va.....Kaufman's
Murfreesboro, Tenn.....Goldstein's
*Nashville, Tenn.....Castner Knott Dry Goods Co.
Newark, N. J.....Kresge–Newark
New London, Conn.....The Juvenile Shop
*New Orleans, La.....D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
New Rochelle, N. Y.....Weber's
*New York, N. Y.....Gimbel Brothers
*Niagara Falls, N. Y.....J. N. Adam & Co.
*Oakland, Calif.....Kahn Dept. Store
Ogden, Utah.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
*Oklahoma City, Okla.....John A. Brown Co.
Oneonta, N. Y.....Oneonta Dept. Store, Inc.
Orlando, Fla.....Yowell-Drew Co.
Painesville, Ohio.....Gail G. Grant, Inc.
*Parkersburg, W. Va.....The Surprise Store
Paterson, N. J.....Quackenbush Co.
*Peoria, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
*Philadelphia, Pa.....Gimbel Brothers
*Pittsburgh, Pa.....Rosenbaum's
Pittsfield, Mass.....England Brothers
Pontiac, Mich.....Waite's, Inc.
*Portland, Me.....Owen Moore & Co.
*Portland, Ore.....Olds, Wortman & King
Portsmouth, Ohio.....Marting Bros. Co.
*Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....Wallace Company
*Providence, R. I.....Cherry & Webb Co.
Pueblo, Colo.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Racine, Wis.....Zahn Dry Goods Co.
Reading, Pa.....Pomeroy's, Inc.
Richland, Wash.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Roanoke, Va.....S. H. Heironimus Co.
*Sacramento, Calif.....Weinstock Lubin
*Saginaw, Mich.....Wm. C. Wiechmann Co.
St. Cloud, Minn.....Fandel Co.
St. Louis, Mo.....Famous-Barr Co.
*St. Paul, Minn.....The Golden Rule Dept. Store
*Salt Lake City, Utah.....Auerbach Company
*San Antonio, Tex.....Jack & Jill
Sandusky, Ohio.....The Cohn Store
Schenectady, N. Y.....The Carl Company
*Scranton, Pa.....Cleland-Simpson Company
*Seattle, Wash.....The Bon Marche
*Sheboygan, Wis.....H. C. Prange Co.
Sioux City, Iowa.....Davidson Bros. Co.
*South Bend, Ind.....Robertson Bros. Dept. Store, Inc.
*Spokane, Wash.....The Crescent
*Springfield, Ill.....Myers Bros.
*Springfield, Mo.....Heer's, Inc.
Springfield, Ohio.....The Edward Wren Store
*Syracuse, N. Y.....L. A. Witherill, Inc.
*Tacoma, Wash.....Rhodes Bros.
Tampa, Fla.....Maas Brothers, Inc.
Terre Haute, Ind.....Herz Store, Inc.
*Toledo, Ohio.....The Lion Dry Goods Co.
*Toronto, Canada.....Northway's
Torrington, Conn.....The W. W. Mertz Co.
Trenton, N. J.....S. P. Dunham & Co., Inc.
*Tulsa, Okla.....The Froug Co., Inc.
Twin Falls, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Uniontown, Pa.....N. Kaufman's, Inc.
Utica, N. Y.....The Boston Store
Waltham, Mass.....Grover Cronin
Warren, Pa.....Metzger Wright Co.
*Washington, D. C.....The Hecht Co.
Waterbury, Conn.....Worth's
Wausau, Wis.....Winkelman's
*Wheeling, W. Va.....The Hub
*Wichita, Kan.....Buck's, Inc.
*Wilkes-Barre, Pa.....Fowler, Dick & Walker
*Williamsport, Pa.....Brozman's
Wilmington, Del.....Kennard, Pyle Co.
Wilmington, Ohio.....The H. H. Thorne Co.
Woonsocket, R. I.....McCarthy's
*Worcester, Mass.....Denholm & McKay Co.
Yakima, Wash.....Barnes Woodin Co.
York, Pa.....The Bon-Ton Department Store
*Youngstown, Ohio.....The Strouss-Hirshberg Co.
*Zanesville, Ohio.....H. Weber Sons & Co.

*Stores which sponsor the official "CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air."

If your city is not listed here, write for name of store to Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Madcap* Basque

Look for Our Label
About 2.00

Original Design by Madcaps NEW YORK

*Reg. Trade Name

28 W. 39th Street, New York

HICKORY Junior
THE FOUNDATION OF LOVELINESS

For that slim-trim athletic look wear a smart new Hickory Pantie. Hickory gently molds your figure yet gives complete comfort. At all fine stores.
A. STEIN & COMPANY • *Chicago* • *New York*

COOKIE BAKES A SMOOTH CUSTARD

(*Continued from page* 38)

A GOOD baked custard is nothing to be modest about —swank French restaurants aren't. And once you have mastered the familiar vanilla version, it's fun to do as these restaurants do and vary the flavors. Easy!

Chocolate Custard

Start just as though you were making the vanilla custard described on page 38. When you have scalded the milk, take it off the fire, take out ¼ cup and dissolve in it 2 squares of chocolate. Stir till you have the lumps out, then add to the rest of the hot milk and go on as in the master recipe, but use ¼ teaspoon instead of ½ teaspoon of vanilla.

Caramel Custard

Scald the milk—2 cups as in basic recipe—with a pinch of salt added. Make caramel by putting the 4 tablespoons sugar in a heavy frying pan over the flame and stirring till it forms a light brown syrup. Dissolve this in the hot milk, but be careful that the milk doesn't boil over from the heat of the caramel, even if it is off the fire. After you've added all the sugar syrup that will pour, take 1 tablespoon of hot water and heat it gently in the caramel pan to dissolve off what sticks. Add to the mixture and proceed as with vanilla custard. This custard is delicious with caramel sauce. To make caramel sauce, repeat the browning process with 4 tablespoons of sugar in a heavy pan, then add ¼ cup water and boil 6 minutes, stirring to dissolve the caramel. Chill before serving.

Coffee Custard

This is so easy it's absurd. Simply put 2 tablespoons of ground coffee into the milk before you scald it, and then strain it out with a fine-mesh strainer when the milk is ready to add to the eggs. Otherwise, it's the basic recipe with ¼ teaspoon vanilla.

These custards are best cold. Each recipe makes 5 servings.

There is only one difference between the fancy French chef's custard and these. For his secret ingredient, and some of his special tricks in making and decorating custards, send for "Custards to a Chef's Taste." Address Junior Housekeeping Department 19, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

IT'S **FLAVOR** *MAKES A FEAST*

A hint of Mint in pale pea soup . . . a whiff of Celery enriching a casserole . . . a touch of pungent Garlic in a crisp green salad . . .

And desserts! The spice of Cinnamon tucked in a deep apple pie . . . the bland flavor of Almond or the fragrance of Banana in tempting puddings and custards . . .

Cook the Burnett Flavor way! There are 29 fine Burnett Food Flavors . . . to make every dish a special treat, a feast of every meal.

For timely tips on Flavor and how to make the most of it . . . send for WHAT'S COOKING — the Burnett cook-booklet for *better* cooks. Just write to Barbara Blair, Dept. S-5, Joseph Burnett Company, 437 D Street, Boston 10, Massachusetts.

BURNETT'S *Food FLAVORS*

GIRLS! HERE'S an EASY WAY to HAVE a CLEAR SMOOTH COMPLEXION

Just do this — wash your face night and morning with luxurious Cuticura Soap, then smooth on fragrant, creamy Cuticura Ointment. Recommended by many nurses. Buy at your neighborhood druggists.

FRAGRANT • MILDLY MEDICATED
CUTICURA
SOAP & OINTMENT

SAVE ALL WASTE FATS

CALLING ALL GIRLS MAY 1945 CONTENTS

The Whole Town Talked	5
All-American Water Baby	7
Record Raters	8
Double Treasure	9
Summer Stuff	12
Mystery of the Lost Village	15
Movie Memos	18
Let's Talk Things Over	20
Rolling Right Along	22
Neither Too Young Nor Too Old	24
Girls in the News	26
Gift for Freedom	27
The Victory Club	34
Rainbow Coats—Your Summer Stand-bys	37
Cookie Bakes a Smooth Custard	38
She Took to Skis	39
Simplicity Sue Makes Double-Talk Dresses	42
Three Cheers for the Cholol	43
Sweet as a Sundae in Soda Fountain Fashions	44
So You Want to Be a Cover Girl	44
Sew Yourself a Dapper Suit	48
Tricks for Teens	57

CALLING ALL GIRLS is published monthly by CALLING ALL GIRLS, INC., a subsidiary of the publishers of Parents' Magazine—52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

President—GEORGE J. HECHT
Publisher—MARGARET E. JESSUP
Editor—FRANCES ULLMANN
Associate Editor—BLAKE GILPIN BOWMAN
Art—RALPH O. ELLSWORTH
Fashions—NANCY PEPPER
Good Looks—LOUISE CARLISLE
Let's Talk—ALICE BARR GRAYSON
Movies—ELIZABETH NICHOLS

JUNIOR ADVISORY EDITORS

JANET CANTOR
Eddie's Daughter

MARION GRUDEFF
Canadian Concert Pianist

GLORIA JEAN • SHIRLEY TEMPLE
VIRGINIA WEIDLER • JANE WITHERS
Movie Stars

THE MOYLAN SISTERS
Radio Singers

SENIOR ADVISORY EDITORS

ANNA ROOSEVELT BOETTIGER
Asso. Editor, Seattle Post-Intelligencer

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER
Famous Author

SONJA HENIE
World-Famous Figure Skater

OSA JOHNSON
Jungle Explorer and Author

CLARA SAVAGE LITTLEDALE
Editor, Parents' Magazine

ANGELA M. LUCAS
Natl. Co-Chairman for Youth, Natl. Council of Catholic Women

MARY L. NORTHWAY
Asso. Prof. of Psychology, Univ. of Toronto, Canada

BERNICE BAXTER
President, Camp Fire Girls, Inc.

"We came home. I admit it was almost daylight when we got to Elmwood, but we came straight home."

"I think the thing to do is to have a big party," said Dad at last. "We might even hire that little four-piece orchestra from State College. Certainly that will show Elmwood how Lili and George stand with us."

Nell's eyes glowed, but Mother said, "Oh, no, Jim. You're sweet to want to do it, but don't you see how that would split the town? There'd be a dozen private fights started, and Lili would get hurt in each one."

"It's terrible right now, Mr. Piquot," wept Lili. "George is going around hitting everybody, and we think we're going to be expelled from school, and all the teachers look so funny—at least we think they do. And Celia talks so much. And right now they're having a meeting to vote me out of the club."

Dad muttered something vague but vigorous, and Mother smiled. "I didn't get quite all of that, Jim," she said, "but you can say it again for me."

"Lili, Lili," groaned Dad, "if only there'd been someone with you. A—a chaperon."

"Well, there were the Fretwells," said Lili.

"What!" shouted Dad. "Good heavens, girl, why didn't you tell us this before?"

"I didn't know it was important," Lili said innocently.

"It isn't important to us," Nell's mother said. "You are what you are whether there's a chaperon around or not."

"But it'll knock Mrs. Jordan higher than a kite," finished Phil gleefully.

"Tell us about it," said Mother, practical as usual.

"You see, Mother and Dad had said we'd go on the moonlight sail," Lili explained. "Mother knew how much we'd counted on going, and when she heard the Fretwells were going, she asked them if we could ride in their car with them. Honestly, though, I never thought of them as chaperons, because they—well, they didn't act at all like chaperons."

Before Lili had finished, Mr. Piquot was at the telephone.

"The Fretwells will be right over," he announced.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Fretwell arrived in time for coffee, and Mr. Fretwell's chin jutted more and more dangerously as Dad told the story.

"My wife and I have a little call to make," said Mr. Fretwell, "to tell the Jordans a few things."

Dad was solemn as he ushered the grim-faced couple out, but when he returned and told their story, he dissolved into laughter that threatened to tear him apart.

"Lili," chortled Dad, "you've really got Mrs. Jordan over a barrel now. Yes, sir, right smack over a barrel."

And the five of them went into gales of laughter. They had barely subsided when the doorbell rang, and Mrs. Jordan hesitated on the doorstep.

"I have come to apologize to Lili," she said, "though I don't really expect her to accept my apologies. But I've done my best to fix things up. I telephoned Mr. Nelson, and all the other people on this list, and explained how wrong I was." Mrs. Jordan thrust the list into Lili's hand. "I tried to write down the names of everyone I talked to today about you. If there are any I forgot, let me know, and I'll phone them tomorrow." Before Lili could find a word to say, Mrs. Jordan was gone.

"Hey," cried Phil, "that took real courage.

"Now," said Mother, "is the time to give the party."

"And we'll ask Celia," Dad said. "I insist upon Celia. Celia has done a good deal of heavy talking in praise of chaperons. Your mother and I will oblige Celia at the party with a dose of chaperoning that would have made Celia's great-great-grandmother quite ill."

"Yes," Mother chimed in. "By all means, Celia." There was a wicked glint in her eye which just matched that in Dad's.

"Poor Celia," thought Nell as she and Lili began to plan the party. "Poor, poor Celia."

Hi, Ho, Mehico!
Aren't you the cool one in
Teentimers' "Breezeswept" with
a vivid Mexican belt . . . In
rayon sharkskin, a Labtex fabric.
White only. Teen sizes 8-16. About $8.
good teen shops everywhere or
write for name of nearest store to
Teentimers, Inc., 1359 Broadway,
New York 18, N. Y.
Teentimer
ORIGINALS
A Labtex Fabric
Designed by GRACE NORMAN

Madabout Gadabouts

Everybody's

It's BUSKENS by choice wherever young feet frolic. All young America chooses 'em for their roguish style and buoyant stride. Ruggedly fashioned . . . with non-marking brown rubber soles. In dazzling white or ablaze with gay colors. Buy 'em to your heart's content . . . they're RATION FREE.

ABOUT $3 *Slightly higher Denver, west*

In children's sizes about $2.75

Buskens

RATION-FREE

At leading stores throughout the country including the following:

Asheville, N. C. . . . . IVEY'S INC.	Newport, R. I. . . . KAYS-NEWPORT
Atlanta, Ga. . . . . RICH'S INC.	New York, N.Y. . . BLOOMINGDALES
Baltimore, Md. . HOCHSCHILD KOHN CO.	Norfolk, Va. . . HOFHEIMERS INC.
Birmingham, Ala. PARISIAN DEPT. STORE	Oakland, Calif. . . H. C. CAPWELL CO.
Boston, Mass. . JORDAN MARSH CO.	Omaha, Nebr. . J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS
Brooklyn, N.Y. . ABRAHAM & STRAUS	Philadelphia, Pa. . . . LIT BROS.
Chattanooga, Tenn. . . MILLER BROS.	Pittsburgh, Pa. . . JOSEPH HORNE CO.
Chicago, Ill. . . WIEBOLDT STORES INC.	Portland, Ore. . . MEIER & FRANK CO.
Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . SHILLITO'S	Richmond, Va. . . . . THALHIMERS
Columbus, Ohio . F. & R. LAZARUS & CO.	Rochester, N.Y. SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR
Detroit, Mich. . . J. L. HUDSON CO.	St. Louis, Mo. . STIX, BAER & FULLER
Fort Worth, Texas . . . THE FAIR	San Francisco, Calif. . . THE EMPORIUM
Indianapolis, Ind. . WM. H. BLOCK CO.	Tampa, Fla. . . . MAAS BROS.
Miami, Fla. . . . . BURDINE'S	Washington, D.C. . S. KANN SONS CO.
Newark, N. J. . L. BAMBERGER & CO.	Youngstown, Ohio . . . . LUSTIGS

If your dealer does not carry BUSKENS, write CORTELL SHOE CO., MANCHESTER, N. H.